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BJ
1871
E4





THE
Gentile Sinner,
OR,
England's Brave
GENTLEMAN:
Characterized
In a Letter to a Friend,
Both
As he is, and as he should be.

1 Cor. 1.26.
Not many Noble are called.

— Sanctus haberi,
Justitizque tenax, factis dictisque mereris ?
Agnosco procerem. *Juv. Sat. 8.*

OXFORD,
Printed by Henry Hall, for Edward and
John Forrest, 1660.

English
Stechert

11-25-25

12581

113.71329



BJ
187
E4

Amy Wilder
November 1881

English
Stechert
11-25-25
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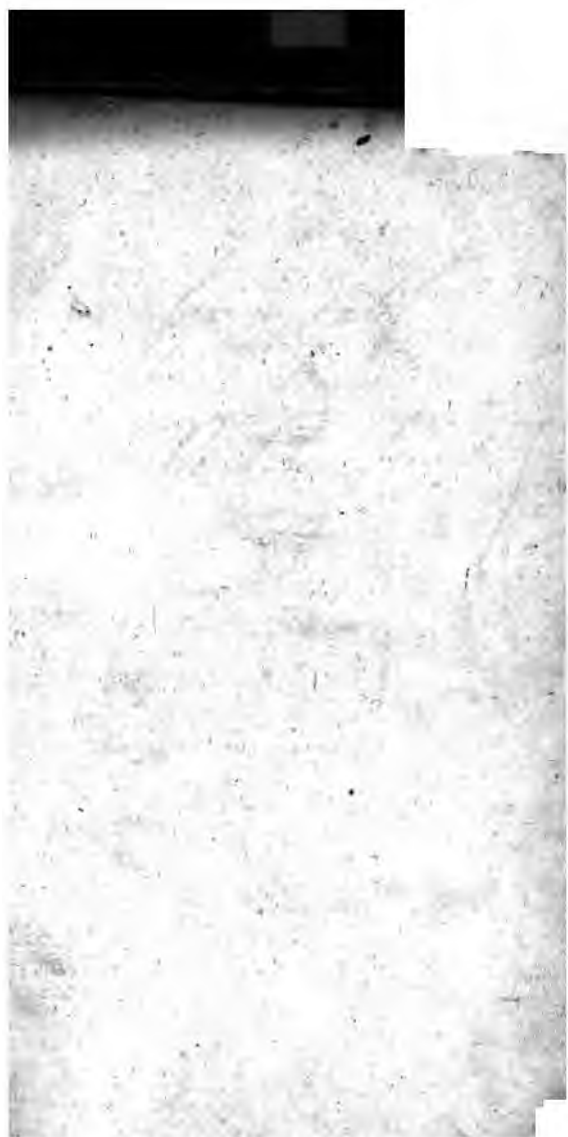
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BJ
1871
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Henry Wilder
Norman 1881

years, for one -
ch was meant, the pomper
author was living at Kuthby,
see Athen. Mon. N. ed. 969
Gauger's Biog. Hist. 3





TO THE
RIGHT WORSHIPFULL,
MY HONOURED FRIENDS
S^r PHILIP MUSGRAVE

Knight and Baronet,

AND

S^r GEORGE BENNYON

Knight,

The Author vvishes all Grace, Health,
and Honour here, & Happines hereafter.

Right Worshipfull,



You who have beene
so long a time sha-
rers both in the same
great *Vertues*, and, for
them, in the same great *Suffe-
rings*: be pleased too, to share in
this small *tribute*, for which I
A 2 have

Tobacco paper by Henry Hill
ach-purs. for the benefit of the Poor
which was meant, the poor purchase
the author was living at Killybeg in
4. See Althor: Oxon. N. col. 969
Granger, Biogr. hist. 3p299

DEDICATORY.

these dreining times) some such Worthy Persons as *your selves*; whom even they, who are (to a *Christian Stoicism*) enemies to the present *World*, dare both *love & honour*. Were it my business to seek out an *Instance* of the *Genuine*, or a *Patterne* whereby to correct the *Spurious* and degenerate Gentleman, I should despaire to fit my selfe better, then I may in *You*: in whom after so many *killing Afflictions* the *World* may yet behold a true *Religion* and *Loyalty* surviving your *Fortunes*. I might well fear, should the *Reader* know you as well as I, his *expectation* by the view of your *præfixed Names*, would be

sh-pars. In the benefit of the poor
which was meant, the poor purchaser
author was living at kindly in
.. See Athen. Dion. II. cd. 969
Granger, Bieg. hist. 3p29



4. The fourth part of the document addresses the issue of data security and privacy. It notes that as organizations collect and store more data, the risk of data breaches and unauthorized access increases. Therefore, it is essential to implement robust security measures, such as encryption, access controls, and regular security updates, to protect the organization's data from potential threats.

The Epistle DEDICATORY

raised too much above the *Contents* of the following *Letter*; and therefore I shall, no lesse out of *Charity* to mine own *Infirmities*, then from a due *Reverence* to that knowne *Modesty* which *Crowns* your many other *Noted Vertues*, forbear any further to display your *Merits*: only this I would have the *World* to know, and do beg you to believe, that I shall ever be industrious to manifest my selfe

Right Worshipfull

Tours in all Chri-

stian Services

C. E.



To the READER.



I is a Formality very much in Fashion of late amongst Writers, to Complement the Reader, and give him a view of his following Entertainment, in a large Praeface to every little pamphlet: I intend not to usher abroad this matter in so great State; neither will I play the Gentleman so much, as to tyre out my Reader with feigned Apologies for that Course, faire is like to have another. I am not without some of those Common Sanctuaries, wherein Writers can Phancy themselves so secure from all Censure; but I dare not pretend to those I have not, and those I have I slight: I detest; the plain truth is, this Letter is not sent out, to prevent or decry any Surreptitious Copy, neither meerly to satisfy the Immunity of my friends: Nor yet am I willing much to Humour either thy Curiosity, or the common Vanity, as to tell thee what Inducements I had to this Publication; If what thou

To the Reader.

Shalt here read, either Concern or Content thee, nor, I am sure thou cannot.

Perhaps thou art one of those, who may read their Names and Characters in the former part of the following Letter; If so, it would be time and paines ill lost to talke with thee now. If thou canst be so much the Master of thy Passion, as to read thy selfe over therein with Patience, and without either Oath or Curse, for the Paper or it's Author; I shall begin to hope there may yet be a Possibility of a returne to thy selfe and to thy God. 'Till then, what ever cause thou hast to Carp at the Book, or Revile the Author; I am bold to tell thee, I have much more, to Slight thy Speeches, and Pitty thy Folly. I value as little thy Censure, as I have reason to Envy thy Conversation; I dread as much thine Applause as I scornethy Derision, and this I do no lesse then I abhorre thy life, or pray for thy Conversion.

*When thou art willing to understand what may do thee Good, it will be seasonable for mee to say more; and tell thee, that if thou would'st be a Gentleman, there is a Booke extant, which for that End, well deserves thy Study, and thy Practice. At present it is too noble a Jewel to be thrown to such a Swine. If
the*

UNIVERSITY OF M
To the Reader.

ourser and more homely Diet I here offer
may beget in thee (though by loathing it) a
to that far richer Dish; It will be then
for my Ambition, as it is now too much
Hopes.

it most Singular piece of Impartiall
, and unparallell'd Ingenuity; of most
Reason, and Insinuating Rhetorick;
sage Advice, and Religious Instru-
which abundantly Commends it selfe to
ious perusall, and it's Author (were not
inge Modesty, as much our Enemy, in
ding his Name; as his Piety and Inge-
our friends, in discovering his worth) to
imate acquaintance; bears for it's Title,
hon by thy Practise labourst to prove a
adiction, THE GENTLEMAN'S
ING. This Book would Certainly
bee to bee; didst thou not think thy selfe
to learn, all that becomes a Christian
man: as another Practicall piece which
Excellency is rationally supposed the
of the same Pious and Ingenious hand,
make thee, if used aright, a Christian
I mean that Book, the Title whereof
much, yet not more then the Contents
rise THE WHOLE DUTY OF
MAN.

To the Reader.

MAN. Read these two soberly, and praise them Constantly; and though thou burn'st paper, thou shalt never persuade me not think thee a Man, a Gentleman, and a Christian. But if in some or other of thy Moods: thou shalt rage and foame against me here I send thee, play the Cruick upon it among thy Ports, or make it thy sport and merriment amongst those who cannot think themselves men except they be Frolick and Jolly: the paper may suffer, and thou may'st spit in my face but know, I have a Christian name, which can'st not stain; and a Charitable Intention thou can'st as little violate, as thou hast birth to deserved it.

But if (Sir) you be one of those brave souls, whose Merits are above their Names, whose Honours are not dumb Idolls, neer their Vertues shadows, and yet wonchsafe cast an Eye, upon this flat and unstudy'd piece of meer Obedience: Your Candour will forgive me the Customary Ceremony of a long Apologie; seeing I am assured you can sooner pardon an Hundred faults, then the other find out your Goodnesse by a constant practise of vertues bring us much augmented, as his Judgment by an Endlesse succession of most sottish baucheries is daily Impaired. W

To the Reader.

Whoever you be, who chance to hit upon this
; let it suffice you to know; that it is but
er; and that, an Imperfect birth after a
ight's labour. It had never ventured so
abroad, had not better eyes than the Au-
directed it forth. The best on't is, Cen-
I regard not, Frowns I fear not, Criti-
s I smile at, and Derisions I laugh at.
ile ('tis true) is rough; I had rather be-
fit, than lose so much time as to smooth
any things are Blunt and Flat, It is my
ur, often to prefer a plain truth, before
y Phancy: The Phraise in many places
and provoking; I hope it will appear
ny Actions, that I study not to please, but
Reader, Call me what thou wilt,
, or Fool, or Clown, or Madman, I am
g, with all my heart, to seem any or all of
o reforme a Sinner. If in any place thou
I deal uncivilly with thee; give me
to ask thee—where? If in the former
What businesse hadst thou there. Either
it indeed the man there described; and
by art thou angry, that I say the truth?
thou art one of the Better Stamp; keep
en in thine own place, and, I am Confident,
doe thee right. Art thou the true Gen-
tleman?

To the Reader.

tleman? thou canst not so far mistake thy
as to think the Character of the false
thee: Art thou the False? Thine own
fession quits me of the Scandall: And I
thou shalt here find thy selfe so much in
own Colours, that thou shalt be so farre out-
love with thy selfe, as to know the least Com-
mendation of thee could be no lesse then a fla-
tery. If this little labour of mine may do thee
good, it is therefore worthy of thine accep-
tance, and I bid thee heartily welcome: If thou
seest nothing in it worth the reading, use thy fre-
dome, I may lose my labour, neither thou nor
shall ever lose my charity.

Instead of a longer preface, I commend to thy
reading the words of a Reverend Doctor
whose exemplary Piety, Learning, Iudgment
Moderation are sufficiently known to the grea-
test part of our English Nation.

DR SANDERSON in his Sermon on the
1 Cor. 7. 24.

As for our (meer or parcel) Gallants, who live in
no settled course of life, but spend halfe the day in
sleeping, half the night in gaming, and the rest of the
time in other pleasures and vanities, to as little purpose
as they can devise; as if they were born for nothing
else but to eat and drink, and snort and sport; who are
spru

To the Reader.

Self-pruce and trimme as the Lillies (Solomon is all his
Royalty was not cloath'd like one of these;) yet they
 neither sow, nor reap, nor carry into Barn; they neither
 labour, nor spin, nor do any thing else for the good of
 humane society: Let them know, there is not the
 poorest Contemptible Creature, that crieth *Oysters* and
Kitchin-stuffe in the streets, but deserveth his bread
 better, than they; and his course of life is of better
 esteem with God, and every sober wise man, than
 their's. A Horse, that is neither good for the way,
 nor the cart, nor the race, nor the Wars, nor any other
 service; let him be of never so good a breed, never so
 well marked and shap'd; yet he is but a *Fade*: his
 master setteth no store by him, thinketh his meat ill-
 stow'd on him; Every man will say, better knock
 him on the head then keep him; his skin, though not
 much worth, is yet better worth then the whole beast
 sides.

Consider this, you that are of Noble and Generous
 th. Look unto the Rock, whence you were hewen;
 to the pit, whence you were digged. Search your
 lineages; Collect the Scatter'd Monuments and Hi-
 gies of your Ancestors: and observe by what steps
 of your worthy Progenitors raised their houses to the
 height of Gentry and Nobility. Scarce shall you find
 any of them, that gave any accession, or brought
 more eminency to his house; but either serving
 in Camp, or sweating at the Barre, or waiting at
 court, or adventuring on the Seas, or trucking in
 op, or some other way industriously bestirring
 themselves in some settled Calling, and Course of life,
 for their Aimes, if you inherit not their Parts
 and those ensignes of honour and Gentry which
 they

To the Reader.

— they by industry atchieved, sit no otherwise up
— shoulders, than as rich *trappings* upon *Asses*
which serve but to render the poor beast more
lous. If you by brutish sensuality, and spend
time in swinish luxury, *stain* the *colours*, and *em-*
mettals of those badges of your *Gentry* and *I*
which you claim by descent: think, when we
or *honour* you, we do but flout you; and kno-
titles we in Courtesy give you, we bestow up
memories, whose degenerate off-spring you:
whose *Arms* you unworthily bear; and they do
belong to you, than the reverence the good
— to *Isis*; belong'd to the *Asses* that carry'd her *I*





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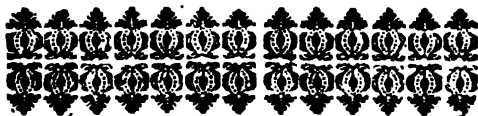
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THE

(1)



THE
GENTILE SINNER,
OR
England's *Brave-Gentleman.*

Honoured Sir,



Am very much indebted to your most obliging *Goodnesse*, for that great and undeserved *Freedom*, you were pleased to allow me in our last *Discourse*: And I am so *Confident* to meet with the same *Goodnesse* still, that I shall not *fear* to expresse as great a *Boldnesse* in these following lines.

With *Gentlemen*, I very much love to be talking of *Gentlemen*; with him that is a *Gentleman* indeed, that in *his* language (for in *better*, I am sure, I cannot) I may learne how to shame his *Counterfiet*; and with *him* too, who has no more then the

P. B. 43.

bare

Pa.

bare *Name*, that I may thereby gaine an opportunity of proposing to him something better then *himselfe*, as a fit object of his *Love* and *Imitation*. I confesse I am often apt, more then well becomes me in the pretence of *Persons* of your *Quality*, to inveigh somewhat *Satyrically* against such as this *wanton Age* of the World loves to *miscall* by so good a name; which might give any man of lesse *Candor* and *Courtesy* then *Your selfe* (Sir) a just occasion of judging me more *Bold* then *Wise*. What your *resentments* were of my last *unponder'd* expressions, I know not; But if in any of them I gave *offence*, I dare hope you will make your late *Commands* — passe for my *Sentence*, and let this *prosecution* of that too *Inconsiderate* discourse (I beseech you) serve for my *penance*.

You were pleased to require a Summary of my thoughts concerning our *present English Gentleman*, both as to what he *is*, and what he *should be*. I must not taxe you of *Indiscretion*, by telling you how *ill* you have placed your *Commands*, and therefore I shall rather choose to show you your *Charitable mistake*, by my ready *Obedience*; then by

The Gentile Sinner.

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by an *unseasonable Modesty*, seem to question your judgment: The *task* injoy'd me is in it selfe so odious, that nothing lesse then that highest respect I have for the worthy *Imposer*, could make it welcome, and it carries so great a disproportion to my weaker Faculties, that nothing, but too great an affection in you (Sir) could make it appear possible. To tell you, what the *Gentleman* is, requires an experience; and to say what he should be, must suppose a *Breeding* farre above mine.

If by the *Gentleman*, you meane him whose *real virtues* are such as have indeed merited him the name: I could goe a very compendious way to worke, and show you him in as faire a peece as *Virtue* can draw, or the *World* imitate, by directing your eye to that object which best deserves it; You must needs know your selfe too well, (Sir) to be *Ignorant* whom I meane. But for the *other*, whom wee then tooke the boldnesse to talke of, you cannot, I hope, imagine, that one so little acquainted with the present *Garbes* and *Modes* of the world, as without *blushing* I dare confesse my selfe to be, should be able to present you

with his perfect *portraiture*.

To be short, Sir, *You* are too well acquainted with the *true Gentleman*, to think you shall ever read him any where better described than you find him *at home*; and I am too *little* acquainted with his *counterfeit*, to presume I may be able to give you an exact *Character* of him, 'till I use to goe more, then I hope in hast I shall doe, *abroad*. However, I had rather betray my *Ignorance* of what I could never yet esteem well worth my *knowledg*; then the least *disrespect* to a *Person*, whose long-experienced *Goodnesse* hath abundantly meritted the best of my *services*. Such a *prospect* therefore as I could have of him, whilest *immured* up within the *narrow* compasse of a *Darke Study*, I shall make bold to lay open before your eye; and, in as *plaine English* as I can, tell you what I thinke both of the *Man* and his *shadow*.

But before I begin to discribe him, I find it necessary for me to premise unto you this *cautious request*—That you would be pleas'd to believe I doe not *make* nor take *pleasure* to see those *wounds*, which you have perswaded me to *uncover*; for

The Gentile Sinner.

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I cannot but foresee too many of them, through *Imprudence* and *Negligence*, so altogether fester'd and *Nauseous*, that as they will try your patience to behold them, so will they even dare your faith to believe them : And this I shall further beg of you, that seeing to serve you I am forced to take the *Liberty* of a more open, and sometimes biting expression; you would not debarre me of the *Priviledg* of an *Impartiall*, yet friendly, *Censor*; one who had much rather lose a friend; then tolerate a fault : Or the beneficiall *Severity* of a *Faithfull Chirurgion*, who is allow'd often to make the smart the fore-runner of the Cure, and is excusable; though sometimes he seeme so hard-hearted as to disregard the lamentable outcries, and most-moving groans of his afflicted patient; not sparing his *Probe*, 'till he have throughly search'd the wound.

I must in Good Earnest tell the Gentleman, how much my *Pitty* and *Commiseration* outgoe my *Reprehenfions* and *reproofes*: And that my hearty prayers both now are, and ever shall be much more for him, then my unpleasing *Invectives* can be against him.

him. The *later* are onely sent out to *invite* him to take some *Knowledge* and *Compassion* of himselfe; but the *former* ascend as high as Heaven to Implore God's *Mercy* and *Pitty* towards him. For I know it (let him entertaine as *flattering* thoughts as he will of himselfe) the *world* has not had since the fall of *Adam* a more *miserable* Spectacle, then this poore wretched *Leper*, the *Debauched Gentleman*: who, doubtlesse, were he not so *Complacently* accessary to his own *Misery*, So *obstinately* bent upon and *solicitously* studious of his own *overthrow*, would be no oftner *beheld* then *pittied*.

But seeing his daily *practice* perswades me, that his main *industry* is a *Designe* to *ruine* himselfe, his *Constant Profession* an open *Disiance* to his *Happinesse*; seeing his chiefe *delight* seemes to be placed in *looking* upon his own *sores*, and his *Continuall Study* is how to *increase* them: Seeing he esteemes nothing so *dangerous* as *reall goodnesse*, and every day proclaimes open *Hostility* against whatever shall bring along with it that *unwelcome charity* of preserving him from *Hell*: Seeing he labours

The Gentile Sinner.

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bours to expresse a deadly feud betwixt
himselfe and his own soule, and dreads no
torments so much as the joyes of Heaven:
Seeing the businesse of his whole life is to
spoil a Gentleman: Without all doubt,
the safest way now to be his friend is to
seeme his enemy, the readiest means of ma-
king the Christian is to vex the Gentleman,
and the hopefullst method of healing his
sores, is first to scratch them 'till they smart.
There's no way to deale with a man in a
Swoon, but to pinch him by the Nose, and
to dash Cold water in his face, when he
is thus brought to himselfe, he may be ca-
pable of a Cordiall: Thus indeed must we
be constrain'd to deale with the Gentle-
man, who is not onely void of all spirituall
life, but even of all common sense: We must
handle him a little more roughly then what
he will think Civilly, that so we may at
length force him to open his eyes, to see
how much he is mistaken in what he calls so.
If after all this he will persist to call me
his enemy, I shall onely professe my sorrow
for this, that he has lost the benefit intended
him by my pains: Not at all that I have
miss'd the reward of his Commendation and

thanks; these I shall then *first* be ambitious of enjoying, when I shall be assured that he is so much become a *New man*, that I need not feare his *Commendations* may prove *Scandalls*, or his *thanks* reproaches. *Till when here he has my *Confession*, I am his utter *Enemy*: and let him take my *Resolution* too along with it, so I am resolved to *continue* 'till I can see him, more then yet he is, his own friend: *Then*, I am sure, he will without a prompter acknowledge, that thus to *appeare* his *Enemy* was the *only* way he had left me to *befriend* him.

With this *resolution* (Sir) and *Confidence*, I shall venture, *first* to give you a short *Character* of him as it stands legible in his common *practise* and *Conversation*; where, that he may not have so much as a *pretence* to be *angry*, I shall onely write after that *Copy* himselfe has set me, and lets *lye* every where *wide open* to the *view* of the *world*: And having done this, I shall in a very few words *characterize* the *man* I *would* see, and tell you what I *suppose*, you *know*, *God Expects*, and his own Name and profession do *witnesse* he ought to be.

SECT. I.

The Gentle Sinner.

9



S E C T. I.

The Gallant.

TO give you My sense of the Gentle-
man in a word, He is, *I know not* —
what. I no sooner cast my eye upon
him, but (alas) I see too little to love, e-
nough to *Pitty*, more to *abhorre*, and in all
too much to be *express'd*. 'Tis usuall with
us to call *man a little world*, and truly the
Gentleman may well be compared to that
which is more ancient, the *Old Chaos*. —
When the *numerous* parts of this larger
world, lay confusedly therein, intermix-
and jumbled together, without *Forme*
Order, Before the Omnipotent *Wise-*
ness of the Great God had created any
thing here below as *Method* or *Ben-*
Such an undigested *Masse* and heape
very thing, have we here met withall, —
nothing *perfect*: Onely herein the
stude fails, for *supposing* such an un-
d heap, yet had there been nothing
but what were to be confessed the
worke

worke of God's hands and therefore *very good*; But *here* (alas) is almost nothing left that God created, but every thing so altogether *evill*, that hardly so much of — that we call *goodnesse* appears, as a bare *possibility* of becoming so.

§. 1, *His Names.*

If there be such a *Sin* in the *abuse* of words as some do think there is, and if it be true, that a great part of this *abuse* lies in giving *names* unto things *contrary* to their *Natures*, never was there a greater error of this kind committed then here, for never *Honest name* was more abused, then this of *Gentleman*; Indeed it is to be fear'd, that having been so long *mis-applied*, it will at last find the like hard measure, with those other once more *Honest Names* of *Tyrant* and *Sophister*; and from a *Title* of *Honour* degenerate into a *term* of the greatest *disgrace* and *Infamy*. It is indeed already made to be of no better a signification then this, to Denote a Person of a *Licentious* and an *unbridled* life; for though it be as 'tis used, a word of a very
uncertaine

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uncertaine and equivocall sound, and given at Rاندome to Persons of farre different, nay *Contrary* both *Humours*, *descents*, and *merits*; yet if we looke upon him that in this sad age comes first in play, and carries both the *Feather* and the *Bell*, as the first *Horse* in the *Team*, away from all the rest; a *Gentleman* must be thought only such a man, as may without *Controle* doe what he *lists*, and sinne with *applause*: One that esteems it *base* and *ungentile*, to *Fear* a *God*, to *own* a *Law*, or *Practice* a *Religion*; One who has studied to bring *Sin* so much into *Fashion*, and with so much unhappy *Success*, that he is now accounted a *Clown* that is not *proud* to be thought a *Sinner*; and he as ridiculous as an *Antique*; who will not, without all *Scruple*, proclaime himselfe an *Atheist*.

*Description of
gallant.*

Some of the *wisest* in the present world, have of a long time, (ashamed, I suppose, to be known by the same name with such a *Monster*) thought it more fit to call him *Spawke* or *Ranter*; and indeed the former Name carries so much of the *Fire* of *Hell* in the *signification*, the other so much of the *noyse* of *Hell* in the *sound*, as may almost
suite

suite with the *Gentleman's* Actions. But
 — the *proudest* vice is ashamed to weare it's
 own face long; Nor dare I believe the
Devill to be much in love with his own
 Name; I am sure neither is willing to be
 thought such as in truth they are; but
 — *wickednesse* has worne *vertue's* mask quite
 thread-bare; and *Sathan* hath so often ap-
 — peared like an *Angel* of *Light*; that 'tis
 now evident, he is not enamour'd of his
 own *Forme*. And thus had the *Gentleman*
 too rather deserve then weare the *Devill's*
Livery; though he be willing enough to
 be the man; yet he abhorres the *Name*.
 Thus he thinks *vertue* and *vice*, like his *Hi-*
mour and *Reputation*; no more, but the crea-
 tions of *Popular breath*; and that his eter-
 nall *Happinesse* (as his *Temporall estate*
 is entailed upon the bare *Name* alone; and
 by a little alteration of that, he may (wie
 he pleases) translate his *Title* from *Hell* to
Heaven. So fondly *Sollicitous* he is (tha
 I may use his own Language) to *Trapa*
 his own *Soule*, and by the *Lamentable Im-*
posture of a *Borrow'd Name* cheat her of
 of a most *Glorious Inheritance*.

Hence he endeavours a little more to
 .. Civilia

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the Title, and calls himselfe in a
pleasing language *Gallant*. In this
apt to Phancy charme enough to
even Heaven it selfe in love with him;
take it as the trees did *Orpheus*, to fol-
low whithersoever he goeth, and cer-
so it must, and with some speed too;
shall never see it, seeing he is alway
g, as fast as he can, the quite *Contrary*.
But, alas, this is all he is like to
y the pittifull exchange; that whereas
gratefull sound of the former names,
startle the *Devell*, that he was ready
it his habitation, either as jealous of
all in the very words, or else afraid
discovery, hearing his own names be-
so Common; he is now bribed to stay
e Flattery of this *latter*, and securely
in the *Gallant's* brest, without the
are of Disturbance.

seeing the *Gallant* is so great a lo-
New Names, I hope he will not be
led, If I make bold to adde one more,
all him with no lesse reason, but in
words, *The Devils Ghost*. For whi-
athan is put to a large expence of Time
Pains to Haunt and Seduce others.

Here

Here he meets with *one* not halfe so coy, but such an one as by his *unseasonable* kindnesse, seems to be a *troubler* rather, to the very *Fiend*, by *haunting* the *Divell*. And doubtlesse, if he goe but on halfe so fast a while longer, as he has done of late yeares, He will *tire* and *Puzzle* the whole numerous *Histe of Hell*, to Invent a *variety* of *objects* answerable to *that* of his *Humours*.

To speake him out a little more plainly, our *English Gentleman*, as now a daies we commonly meet him, is such a *strange* kind of *thing*, that no *one* name will fit him. Such an *Heterogeneous* Soule he is, that not lesse then a *Combination* of all the *vices* in the World must be summon'd in to make up a *Partiall Description* of him: Of an *Essentiall Definition* I dare hardly think him Capable, lest thereby granting him a *Compleat Essence*, I should be forced, at least in a *Metaphysicall* Notion, to call him *Good*. *Good-man* is a title he hath ever much scorned, and it is that which (If yet his *pride* will afford him *any*) he very truly thinks the fittest *Compellation* for the poore honest *Labourer*. The same he will sometimes

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times vouchsafe to bestow upon those few
Tenants his *Prodigality* has spared him. —
Such a *Complicacy* of *Evils* goes to his
Confusion, that ere we shall be able to
fit him with a *name*, wee must borrow it
from *Sathan* himselfe and call him *Legion*. —
As *sinne* and *vanity* make up his very *Es-*
sence; so can nothing but *wonder* and *shame*
Compose his *Character*.

§. 2. *His Nature in Generall.*

You have heard his *name*, and now take
a farther *Generall* description of him thus.
The *Gallant* is a Pretty, neat, Phantasticall
Out-side of a *man*, and if you dare alway
believe your eye, 'tis not unlikely you may
(now and then) be so much *deceived*, as to
think him *Something*. But a true *man* you
can never Imagine him, he hath too long
agoe shaken hands with his *Reason*, and
now counts it the greatest degree of *Base-*
ness in the world, to live what *Nature*
made him, or to seeme beholding for
any thing unto ought but his own *Ha-*
mour.

He is a well-digested *bundle* of most
Costly

Costly Vanities, and he is evermore tumbling up and down the streets to gather more of that same *Chargeable Dirt*: as if he should have enough to excuse his sinne, when he can at once say, it is both *glorious* and *Costly*. You may call him a *Volume* of *Methodicall Errataes* bound up in a *gilt Cover*, and his onely commendation is this, that his *disorders* seem to be *orderly*; and his *Errors* not *Casual* but *Studied*, and he can tell how to sinne most *Ingeniously*. He

— is a *Curiously* wrought *Cabinet* full of *Shells* and other *Trumpery*, which were much better quite *Empty*, then so emptily full.

— He is a piece of ordinary *clay* stuck round with *Bristol Diamonds*, Pritty sparkling things, which for a time might perhaps make a *gay show* in a *foole's Cap*, or on a *Dunghill*, But in a *Lapidary's shop* amongst *true stones*, have onely so much *lustre* left as will prove themselves to be but *Counterfeit*. Such a *Silly Gloworme* may looke like a little

— *Starre* in the *Darke*, but it's *Splendor* is alwaies sure to be *benighted* with the *Rising Sunne*. 'Tis no small advantage for this fine *Sir* to live in this *Night* of the world, where that very *darknesse* of *Ignorance*

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which *obscures* the great vertues of any good men, is the onely thing that is his *wild-fires* so *visible* as to be take notice of. He is the *Rich Scabbard* of *Iden Spirit*, and that very *dulnesse* of all, makes him endure so long in the world, whilst the *keener* zeale of nobler spirits, soone makes their way for them through the *Scabbard* into *Heaven*. I do easily with he would give us no reason for him, the *painted Sepulchre* of a *Soule* and *Rotten in Trespasses and sins*: If Comparison will ever fit any man that *Hypocrite*, certainly 'tis the *Swaggering Gentleman*.

is a *man's skin* full of *prophanenesses*, a *paradise* full of *weeds*, an *Heaven* full of *vills*, or *Sathan's Bedchamber* too hung with *Arras* of *God's Own* manufacture such an *Excellency* would he faine be in the *basest Iniquity*. He can be hit no better then a *Promethean Man*, but a lump of *animated dirt* knee-to *Humane Shape*, and if he have any thing as a *Soule* (which he shall hardly be able to perfwade any man to believe) sees how little *care* he takes to *save* it)

it seems to be patch'd up of *vice* and *Bravery*.

If you would come acquainted with his *pedigree*, let *Sin* be your *Herald*, and it will be sufficient to tell you, he was the *Sonne* of an *Offender*. His very *name's* enough to *blast* the *Nobility* of all that went before him, and to breath a perpetuall *disgrace* upon the sleeping ashes of his worthy *Progenitors*. There may be some *question* made, whether he needs *fear* going to *Hell* or no at his *death*; because he has been so well acquainted with it in his *life-time*; whither if he have not leave every day to take his full *Carrier*, he think, his *Soul* bereav'd of her *Christian Liberty*; as if he had no other way left him of Imitating the blessed *Saviour* of mankind, but by often descending into *Hell*. O what a piece of *Gallantry* is it now a dayes for a man to give his *Soul* to the *Divell* in a *Frolick*! It is the part of a *Gentleman* to out-brave *Damnation*, and not to be daunted with the thoughts of a future *Judgment*: A retreat into *Sobriety* would betray such an *Effeminacy* of spirit, as might argue him in with a *Religion*; and make the world believe

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believe he were such a *Coward* as might be *Frighted* into *Piety*. Every petty sinner can *outface* an *Earthly*, hee'l doe his best to *out-vapour* an *Heavenly* Tribunall; and make it appeare unto all, that a *Gentleman* has a *Spirit*, dares goe to Hell, before he will be said to *fear* it. Indeed he alone seems to have the art of turning *Nature* upside-down, and will onely be a perfect man at the *Pap*, when he is *mean'd* he gives both his *humanity* and *Innocence* to his *Nurse* for her *wages*, I am sure he is rarely, if ever, after that time, seen to have *cither* about him. In short, The *Gentleman* is nothing that he *should* be: His whole life is a flat *Contradiction* to his *duety*; His constant *study* is to teach his *Body* how to put *affronts* upon his *soul*, and to give him the *lie* who dares tell him there are any *hopes* it may be *saved*; He laughs at him that tells him there is any other *Heaven* then that of his own *creating*, any other *happinesse* besides his *pleasures*, or an *Hell* diverse from that which *Christianity* has objected to the *Coward's Phancy*. He has the *Courage* to be any thing but *what he should be*, an *Honest man* or a *Good Christian*.

§. 3. *His Calling or Imploiment.*

The *Gallant's* Generall *Calling* and *Em-
ploiment* is, to scorne all *businesse*, but the
Study of the *Modes* and *Vices* of the times :
and herein he spares not to rack his *brains*,
and rob his *soule* as much of her *Naturall*
as her *Spirituell* rest, to supply the wanton
world with *variety* of *Inventions*. He takes
an especiall care that nothing may ever ap-
— peare *old* about him, but the *Old Man* of
Sin, and him he every day exposes to Pub-
lick view in a *severall Dresse*, that (if it be
possible) he may perswade the world to
believe that all *there* is *New* too. Indeed
so *miserably* happy is he in *Inventions* of
this sinfull Nature, that any man, who had
not a *Spirituell* eye, to discerne the same
Proud and *Luxurious Divell* in all his Acti-
ons, would almost think he had a *new Na-
ture* as well as a *New Suit* for every day
throughout the *Yeare*.

Thus he that thinks it so much *below*
him, to be reckon'd amongst the *Labou-
ers* in *God's House* or *Vineyard*, and dis-
posed to receive his *Penny*, with those he
should

should call his brethren, either as a *Reward*, or a *Gratuity*; but seems rather to expect it as a *Debt*, or *Portion* due by *Inheritance*: Yet is he Content to sit all day long in *Sathan's Shop*, one of his *Slavish Prentices* or *Fourny-men*, who feeds him with course and *Empty Husk*; here, and will reward him with an *Hellfull* of torments for his *labour* hereafter.

He is all but a *Proud* and *Glistering Masse* of *Swaggering Idleness*: and he makes it his chiefe Study to Demonstrate to the world, how many severall wayes *Idleness* has found out to be *busy*. He takes this for granted (as well he may) that he is not *Idle* but *Dead* that does just *Nothing*. It is his task ever to be doing, *Nothing* to a *Good* but *much* to a *bad* or no Purpose. Though he may often seem to sit *still*, and not to *move* so much as a little finger, yet even *then* is his *soule* close at *worke*, plotting and Contriving how he may for the time to come be most *Pausibly Idle*. He acts so little for the *Publick Good*, as if he were afraid he should be thought a *Member* of *Mankind*; or as if the onely *businessse* God intended him,

were but to take care, that he continue *breathing*. He lives indeed as if he meant to prove, that God Almighty had *made* him to no other *End* but this, to show the world that he could make *something* whereof he had no *need* when *made*, as if whilest he created *other* men for *use* and *Service*, he intended *him* onely, as *Artists* doe some of their *neatest* but *Slightest* pieces of work to stand upon the *stall*, or hang out for a *signe* at the Shop-windowes, to show *passengers* with what the *Shop* is furnish'd within. Or if you will, you may looke upon him as upon the *painted signe* of a *Man* hung up in the *Ayre*, onely to be *toſſ'd* to and fro, with every wind of *Temptation* and *Vanity*. Such a vain *shadow* or *Picture* is he, that were there no more but himſelfe I ſhould take the boldneſſe to Affirme there were no ſuch *Creature* as a *Man* in the world.

To me he ſeems of no more worth then a Piece of *Out-caſt Iron*, lying *uſeleſſe* upon the face of the Earth, 'till his *ſoule* be even away with *Ruſt* and *Sleath*. God made him a *Man*, but to prove himſelfe his *Creation*, by a *Sin*, he endeavours

vours to *make* himseife a *Bruit*, nay a senselesse *Carkasse* that only *Cumbers* the Earth, & is fit for nothing but to *dung* the ground it lies upon, and *Stink* in the Nostrils of the most High. If ever he *Sweat*, it is in pursuit of a *feather*, at his *play* and *sport*, in *running* away from his *Worke*, and in the *chase* after his *Ease*: And yet even in *that* he can never *rest*, this indeed being the Naturall fruit of *Idlenesse*, that it makes the *Sluggard* weary, not onely of whatsoever he *doth*, but even of *Idlenesse* it selfe.

§. 4. *His Education and Breeding.*

So soone as his *age* is capable of *Instruction* and *Discipline* he is sent to *School*, or rather by reason of too great an *Indulgence* in his fond Parents, the *School* is brought *home* to him; where if the foolish *Master* do not more awe the *School-master*, then *be* his *Schollar*, the *Rod* and an *empty purse* together do for a while preserve him *himselfe*: But it shall not be long, ere he find roome enough *abroad* in the world, wherein he may *lose* himselfe again. Yet

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truely it is a great rarity in this age, to see the earliest *Morning of Youth*, unclouded by the *fumes* and vapours of *lust*. It being too usuall a thing with the *debauch'd father*, to make his *child*; as we use to say, over early his *Father's own Sonne*.

Most *Gentlemen* seem to make it a speciall piece of their *fatherly* care to stave off their *Children* as long as they can from *Vertue* and *Religion*; lest therein resembling *better men* then their *Fathers*, some might take occasion to think them *Spurious*. To infuse so early into the *Young Child* the *graver* Notions of God and Goodnesse, were to make him *Old* before his time; and these would look no better then so many *wrinkles* and *furrowes* in the *fresh* cheeks of an *infant*: alas, what were this but an *unspiriting* of the *Child* and laying an unreasonable *Damp* upon the comely *sprightfulness* of youth? 'Tis fit he should be *mann'd* up by *bold* and *daring* exercises, and as men use their *Hounds*, be *blooded* now when he is young; *Divinity* & *Morality* are supposed to much to *mollifie* and *emasculate* the brave soule of a *Young Gentleman*, and make it of too *soft* and *facile* a temper for *Noble* and
Generous

ious actions. To instruct him how
after he should manfully resist his *Ene-*
he shall first be taught to fight a-
t God and Goodnesse. It is indeed most
ntable to consider how very few of
we call *Gentlemen* endeavour to make
Children either *Honest men* or *Good*
fiants: as if it were their onely busi-
to beget them, and when they are
into the world, to teach them by their
example, how they may most unprofi-
spend the short *leavings* of their own
ry. Thus at their death leave they them
y Miserable in bequeathing them,
little to live upon, and secondly, ma-
aies to spend it. Indeed the greatest
ity and providence in such *Prodigall*
its, were either not to beget *Children*
, or to beget them *meer beggars*, that
they might not give them, with their
s, so many unhappy opportunities of
meing altogether as bad as themselves.
it the *Hopefull Youth* must be a *Gentle-*
and in all hast he must be sent to see
University or *Innes of Court*; and that
re he well knowes what it is to goe to
ol. Whither he comes, not to get
Learning

Learning or *Religion*, but for *breeding*, that is, to enable himselfe hereafter to *talke* of the *Customes* and *Fashions* of the Place. Here he gets him a *Tutor*, and keeps him (as he doth all things else) for *Fashion's* sake. Such an one who may serve at least, as *poore Boyes* doe in some *Princes Courts*, to *sustain* the blame of the *Young Gentleman's* *Miscarriages*, and whom the *fath.r* may *chide* and *beat* when the *Son* is found in a *fault*: Indeed this care is taken for the good *Tutor*, that if his *Schollar* chance to *returne home* (as too seldome he does) with either *Schollarsbip* or *Piety*, he shall then have the *Credit* or *Discredit* (call it which you will) of *making* the *Schollar*, or *spoiling* the *Gentleman*; seeing his *parents* had taken order he should bring *neither* of the two along with him. Here perhaps he is permitted to continue a *year* or *two*, if he have no *mother* upon whom he must bestow at least *three* parts of that time in *visits*, else his *Father* knows not well where he may with more *Credit* loose so much good *time*, or is it may be afraid it will be a greater *trouble* to keep him at *Home*. In this time he will, in all probability have
learn'd

learn'd how to make choise of his boon Companions, how to raile at the Statutes and break all good Orders; How to weare a Gaudy Suite and a Torne Gowne; To curse his Tutor by the name of Baal's Priest, and to sell more books in halfe an Houre then he had bought him in a yeare, To forget the second yeare what perhaps for want of acquaintance with the Vices of the place he was forced for a Passe-time to learne in the first; and then he thinks he has learning enough for him and his heirs for ever.

And now that he may be able to maintain his title to so wretched an estate, it is time he should be hasten'd away to some *Inne of Court*, there to study the *Law* as he did the *Liberall Arts and Sciences* in the *Colledg*. Here his pretence is to study and follow the *Law*, but it's his Resolution never to know or obey it; If in any measure he do apply himselfe to it, it is to this one end, that he may know how to plead for himselfe when he breaks it: or to attain at last to so much more *Law* then *Honesty*, as to Cozen him that has more *Honesty* then *Law*. Here indeed he learns to be (in his

his Notion of the Man) somewhat more a *Gentleman* then before, having now the *Mock-happinesse* of a *Licentious* life, and a *Manumission* from the *Tyranny* (as he termes it) of a *School-master* and *Tutor*. This he reckons the happy year of his *Enfranchisement*, and in *Commemoration* whereof his whole life-time is to be one continued *day of rejoicing*. From this time forward he resolves, to be a *Gentleman* indeed, and now begins to cleare himselfe from all *Suspicion* of *Goodnesse*, which *Constraint* and *Feare*, made some believe there was a *Possibility* of before.

§. 5. *His Habit and Garbe.*

As his *Condition of life* seems now to be *New*, so does he endeavour that *all* should appeare *New* about him except his *vices* and his *Religion*; He is too much in love with *those*, to *change* them, and the *latter* he cannot *change*, because he never *had* any. *Pride* and *Wantonnesse* have a very rare and ready invention: here's a *New Garbe*, *New Cloathes*, and a *New body* too, O could he but once get him a *New Soule* or *no Soule* he

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he might be thought *happy*. When you look upon his *Apparell*, you will be apt to say, he wears his *Heaven* upon his *back*; and truly ('tis too much to be fear'd) there you see as much of it, as he ever shall. He is so trick'd up in *Gauderies*, as if he had resolved to make his *Body* a *Lure* for the *Divell*, and with this *Bravery* would make a *bate*, should tempt the *Tempter* to fall in love with him. He looks as if he had prevented our first *Mother* in sinning, and wanting *patience* to stay for the *fruit*, had pluck'd the very *blossomes*, and now wore them about him for *Ornaments*. His *Suite* seems to be made of *Lace* or *Ribbon*, trimm'd with *Cloath*. By his variety of *Fashions* he goes nigh to cheat his *Creditors*, who for this reason dare never sweare him to be the same man they formerly had to deale withall. His *Mercer* may very well be afraid to loose him in a *Labyrinth* of his own cloath, which yet *sits*, or *hangs* (shall I say) for the most part so *loosely* about him, as if it were ever ready to fly away for feare of the *Serjeant*. Alas, how often is he proud of a *Feather* in his *hat*, which a silly *Bird* was but a while agoe weary of carrying

carrying in her *taile*? Doe but take him in that condition wherein you may commonly be sure to find him, he will make a compleat *walking Tavern*. His *head* and *Feather* will serve both for *signe* and *Bush*.

If you observe but a little his strange *Garbe* and *Behaviour*, either *that* wherein he walks the *streets*, or that other more *set* and *affected* one reserved for his *forme* of *Complement*; You would conclude he were going to show *Tricks*; I am sure he wants nothing but a *stage* erected for the purpose. He takes as much care and pains to *new-mold* his *Body* at the *Dancing-Schools*; as if the onely *shame* he fear'd were the retaining of that *Forme* which *God* and *Nature* gave him. Sometimes he walks as if he went in a *Frame*, again as if both head and every member of him *turned* upon *Hinges*. Every step he takes presents you with a perfect *Puppit-play*. And *Rome* it selfe could not in an *Age* have shown you more *Antiques* then one of our *Gentlemen* is able to imitate in *Halfe* an *houre*: whose whole *life* is indeed no other then one *studied* imitation of all the *vanities* Imaginable; and by his daily practice, a man would guesse

guesse there could be no such ready way invented of becoming a *Gentleman*, as to *degenerate* first into that *Beast*, which now, if ever, is most like a man, an *Ape*. Such an *Honourable* creature has he made *himselfe*, who accounts it below him to be number'd among the *ordinary* sort of *men*.

§. 8. *His Language and Discourse.*

His *Language and Discourse* are altogether suitable to his *Habit and Garbe*; All *affected* and *Apish*, but indeed for the most part much more *vile, sinfull* and *Abominable*. When it is most *Innocent*, then is it *Idle* and *Light*, and then most *quaint* and *Rhetoricall*, when *Drolling* or *prophane*. Although he make it his whole businesse whensoever he *dares* be *Bookish* (which indeed he dreads as much as any thing but to be Good) to furnish himselfe with an *Elegant* and *Courtlike* expression; yet will all but amount to this at most, that sometimes he may be able to talke *well*, and shew us how much he is a better *Speaker* then a *man*: That he shall be able to *carve* out his *Language* into some of the most

— most *Modish* and *Dissembling Complements* and to *Interlard* an affected discourse with many an *Impertinent Parenthesis*. And then amidst all this his *Time-observing* hand and foot do so point, accent and *Adorne* all with Curious and Phantastick flourishes, that his words are often as much lost in his *Actions*, as his sense in his words.

A piece of noisy Bombast denominates him one of the great *Wits*, where the Substance of his discourse (if it have any) is dress'd up in so rude and *Antique* a forme; that staring (as it were) the hearer in his face, it goes nigh to scare him out of his *Wits*.

If *Don Quixot* or some *Romance* more in Fashion, can but furnish him with a few *New-Coyn'd* words, and an *Idle tale* or two to make up his talke at the next *Ordinary*, In his own fond *Conceit* and by the votes of his simple Companions, he is carried up to *Heaven*; a wanton piece of *Drolery* will send him beyond it.

To be truly *Ingenious* is not the way to *Humour* his *Frollick Companions*, and therefore he is put to study out something else which must serve for a while instead of
wit,

wit, and 'tis strange, he can think of nothing will doe this so well as *flat foctery*; for most perfectly such is that *Drolling veine* wherein he is so frequently industrious to show himselfe a *witty foole*; What a *learned* age is this we live in, when he is the best *Companion* for a *Gentleman*, who can best act the *Rustick*, and most facilely Imitate the *rudenesse* and *Flatnesse* of his *language*? and when he alone must be esteem'd the *Wit*, who can *neatliest* play the *fool* to *Humour Mad-men*? To be *sober* or *serious* in the *Gentleman's Dictionary*, signifies just as much as to be *Dull* and *Blackish*. A *Phancy* which dares not *wave* about, beyond the limits of *Sobriety* and *Discretion*, nor proclaime her selfe to be most *affectedly* *prophane*, or as industriously *vaine* and *Idle*, is a *Bird* that has no *sweet* enough for his *Cage*. 'Tis a wonderfull thing to see, how the *Apish Ingenuity* of this Age, has cut the very throat of all *sober Invention*, and *Genuine wit*. A *Mimicall* tone, a *Phantastick* action, a *Conchant* sense, and a Phrase *Rampant*, quarter the *Coat* of our Modern *Gentile Wit*. Such are the *Spongy Eares*

of most Companions, that they will suck in nothing but froth: And the Gentleman looks upon him as a poore solitary foole, who will not thus make himselfe on *Ass* for Company.

But (alas) all these are but the *Innocent recreations* of his Tongue, wherein it sports it selfe in it's *Infancy*, ere it attaine to that nimbleness and volubility of expression which becomes a Gentleman: Hee is not alwayes delighted in these soft walkes; but as he grows more a man, hee chooses him rougher paths, and more manly exercises. By degrees hee steps up from *Idleness*, and *Emptiness*, foolery & Drollery, to *Scurrility* & *obloquy*; when at every step he tramples some Good Man's Honour in the Dust; at each word he spits in the face of his Betters, and labours to bespatter with the Dirt of *Infamy* and *Disgrace*, every name and reputation, that stands above his owne: And you may be sure he will ever throw the blackest dirt upon the fairest face, where it may certainly do the greatest mischief, and be most conspicuous. Like an experienced Archer, he never misses the white, but (as good luck is) such is the *Impenetrability* of Innocence, when darted at by the poyson'd

poyson'd arrowes of *Envy*, he never *holes* it. If this black *breath* of his could *blow out*, or *eclipse* those *lights* that shine *brightest*, wee should not have one *starre* left in vertue's *Heaven*: And those *lights* which were sent into the world to *guide* him timely and truly out of it into a *better*, he *first* endeavours to *extinguish*, that so he may without *check* or *shame* wander through all the *workes* of *darknesse* into *Hell*. What so often in his mouth, as that which he never names but with the deepest accent of *scorne* and *disdain*, a *Paltry Parson*? And he does not stick often to tel him to his face, that when he comes to have as much *wit* as *zeall*, he will begin to tell him another *tale* then that of *Heaven*; that he may doe well to keep him to his *tub*, and tell a *precise story* once or twice a week, to his *Ignorant Auditors* in his *Countray-Church*, and forbear to read *lectures* of *Godlinesse* to persons whom he should be afraid to *looke* upon but at a *Distance*. That he brought more learning from *school* with him, then all the *Canonick Cassetts* and *Girdles* in the Nation, with all their tough *Logicall Notions* and *knotty Metaphysicks* shall be ever able to Contain.

With a thousand more such like *ravings* of a wild and *Atheistical* brain. I shall willingly forbear to *personate* him any farther in them, lest he might think me *able* (as I hope I shall never be.) to reach the *Frantick* train of his loose and prophaine *Raileries*.

Neither are his *Discourses* less *Beastly* then *Devillish*, less *Filthy* then *Malicious*. So foul, obscene, and nauseous for the most part are his *words*, that some one or other as little acquainted with a God as himselfe, will be apt to conclude, that *nature* *spoyl'd* him in the making, and set his *Adouche* at the wrong end of his *Body*. Certainly there must be a *Corrupted* and *putrified* Soul within, whence there dayly steames out so much odious and stinking breath. Indeed so strangely is the *Gentleman's* *Palate* distemper'd by this same loathsome *Disease*, that he can now relish just nothing but the very *Excrementes* of *Discourse*. He is not onely taken with the *travestie* language and *Lascivious* *Dialect* of Love, wherein to accomplish himselfe, he makes it too much his buesyness to collect what he can out of all the loose *pastoralls*, *Beastly Poems*, and *Bandy* pieces of *Drollery*, which by their *number* seem to

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turns our *Booksellers shops* into so many *fakes*: But he takes a great deal of pleasure to lick with his tongue, the Nauseous *Borches*, and Putrified sores, and the Infectious *Leprosies* of wit. O how does he delight to dwell upon the sore place of an obscene Poem! and he neuer Commends the Poet for any thing but his *Infirmities*. He is no *Company* for the *Gallant* of late, who will not once at least before the close of every Period Commit *Lip-Adultery*. As there is not any more filthy vice of the tongue then this; so neither do I ever find the Gentleman more in Love with any other; Except it be that one which I am now to name:

And that is it, which indeed I tremble to mention; though he esteems it the greatest *Grace* and *Ornament* of his Discourse. I mean, *Swearing*. For as the Gentleman seems Continually to measure out his time by *sws* instead of *Minutes*; so his louder *Oaths*, were they not so very frequent, might well be Compared to the *Great Clock*, which gives us notice how his *hours* passe. This is that pleasing part of his language, wherein he so ordinarily bids defiance to his God, and so powerfully Courts the *Devill*, with whom

by this means he has as frequent *Converse* as if he were his *Familiar*. And he has so great a variety of these *Hellish Complements*, that the *Maister* of that *Language* *Sathan* himselfe, may in a little time stand in need of an *Interpreter* to understand him.

This is a *sin* to which there are so few colourable *Inducements* or *provocations*, that *herein*, or not at all, the Gallant shows his *Proficiency* under that *Good Master* he serves, and proves how *straight* he can goe to *Hell* and how *fast*, without a *guide* or *bait*. Here indeed he seems to cry out upon *Eve* for a *Lazy* and *dull* sinner, whilst in Every *Oath* he loudly *swears*, that *soul* not to be worth a *damning*, which cannot *sin* without a *temptation*. Tis here he expresses his great *Charity* to the *Devill*, for as if he were afraid the *tempter* should have to great a *load* of other men's *sins* at the *last* and *great* day of accounts, he freely *exempts* him from putting his *helping hand* to some of his *sins*, and openly professes he is able to goe farre enough *out* of the way to *Heaven* without a *seducer*.

How many *Horrible* and *hideous Oathes*
doth

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does he daily *invent*, onely to *swell* up his *cheekes*, and make his *words* sound *high* and *bigge* in the Eares of those that *tremble* not to *heare* him? with what *boldnesse* and *pride* does he abuse God's most *Holy* and *tremendous Name*, by making it a *cloak* and *varnish* to set off his most *false*, *loose*, and *prophane* speeches. As if indeed he had this desperate *designe* upon Almighty God, to render his *sacred Name* *Odious* to the world, by taking it so often into his *prophane lips*.

Unto *this* we may here adde that *other* as Common extravagancy of his *tongue*, which is the *abusing* and making a *Mock* of God's *Word*, as well as his *Name*. His *Rhetoricke* seemes all *Low* and *Flat* so long as his *Metaphors* lye on *this* side *Prophanes*; but when he has once got a *trick* to *heave* up his *cheekes*, and set his *face* against the *Heavens*, and to *embosse* his discourse with a *Rumbling Oath*, then hee begins to think himselfe an *Oratour* with a *witnesse*.

§. 7. *His Religion and Conversation.*

I am afraid it is now too late to tell you what is the *Gentleman's Religion*, seeing hee

has so very little either of *Honesty* or *Humility*. The sad truth is, he is so farre from being indeed *Religious*, that he is *ashamed* of nothing so much as that any man should have the *charity* to *think* him so. Against this *Ignominious* brand of a *Godly* man, he takes the readiest Course he can to *vindicate* himselfe, that is, openly to *deride* all those that owne it; *Laughing* aloud at all such as have more *religion* then himselfe. The chief Ceremony of his *Religion* next to that of *Blaspheming* his *God*, is lustily to *Curse* the *Devill*; and to *declaime* both against *Heaven* and *Hell* in a breath. It is below a *Gentleman* to be a *Beggar*; though at the *Gates* of *Heaven* and the *Throne* of *Grace*, and he does as much *scorne* to *say* his *prayers*, as to *beg* his *bread*. Nothing but *Necessity* can persuade him to do *either*. *Devotion* and *Humility* are names wholly inconsistent with *Nobility* and *Gallantry*; These become not that *Brave Heroick Spirit*, which had rather chuse to *starve* even his *soul* to all *eternity*, then to receive *salvation* it selfe at the *expence* of a *petition*. Tis for such faint hearted creatures as have not the *Courage* to undergoe with *Astacrity* the *torments* of *Hell-fire*, to

stoop



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stoop so low, as to beg an *Heaven* on their knees; Alas he sees no such *lovelynes* in the things above, as may oblige him to so *submissive* a Courtship: And yet he is so *Confident* to *Enjoy* them all at last, as if he thought God would be *beholding* to him for *accepting* his blessings, or as some foolish *lovers* take occasion to *double* their *addresses* from the *unkindness* of a *Coy Mistress*, God would the more *Earnestly* importune him to be *saved*, the more *disdainfully* he looks upon *salvation*.

If ever the *Gentleman* appears at Church, it is but to give you a testimony of his *courage*, whereby he shows how he *dares* sometimes *venture* upon what he most *fears*. But then he behaves himselfe so *proudly* there, as if he would *Command* the *Great God* of *Heaven* and *Earth* to *keep* his *distance*, and he may be sure, so he will, for he will *draw nigh* unto none but such as will first *draw nigh* unto him. But some times his appearance in the *Holy Assembly* argues more *Cowardice* then *Courage*, and shews that he *fears* the *Constable* more then *God*; and to be *religious* more then to appear so. Here if he stay long, he is no *lesse* *pained* in hearing the *Sermon*

mon; then if both his *Eares* were fast nailed to the *Pillory*. To prevent tediousness and to give himselfe as much *Ease* as may be, he picks up here and there something from the *Preacher* to make merry with, at the next meeting: Or else he meditates upon the *Ladies* as they set in their *Sunday's-Beuties*; and then he returnes from the *Church*, as most doe, who come thither with no better intentions, ten-times more an *Atheist* then he came.

But as fast as the *Gentleman's Atheisme* has taught him to jeer and laugh at all those who are so soft-hearted, as to profess a *Religion*, so well has their *Religion* taught them to pity and pray for him that has none.

If the *Gallant* have no estate (as many who think themselves *Gentlemen*, have none) he makes his vices his trade, and so traffickes first for a living, and then for damnation. The *Tavern* for the most part is his *Exchange*, where haveing prepared the way for one wickedness by another, some drunken cheat is usually the *Enriching Bargain*; and this, when discover'd, must pass by the name of an *Ingenious frolick*. Here he lyes drinking out the *Day*, except he be forced to sleep out the
the

the last night's Intemperance. This is the stage of his *Wit* and *wantonnesse*: where he thinks himselfe a *Champion*, when he can kick *two* down-staires at *once*, the *Drawer* & his *Bottle*, and sound the *Alarme* to the *Skirmish* in a Loud peal of New-fashion'd *Curses*. A fterall's done there, he walkes the *streets* as *light* in his *head* as his *Purse*, and much oftner salutes the *Pavement* then the *Passengers*.

He Drinks as *stoutly*, as if he meant to carry *liquor* enough with him in his *Belly* to quench the *flames* of *Hell*; or rather as if he meant to *drink* himselfe so farre into a *Beast*, as he might thereby become *uncapable* of *Damnation*. When he has *Drunk* his fill, he studies how to make the next young *beir* he meets with, *pay* the reckoning. If he chance to meet with some poore innocent *Lady*, whom a *sweet word* or *two* may make his miserable *prey*, he makes a shift to scruce a *ring* or *two* off her *finger*, and this will both pay the *shot*, and his *Common* *she* for his next night's *lodging*.

In a word, this *Ranting Gentleman* is a *Golden* or at least a *Gilded sinner*, a *Royall slave*, a *Prodigall sparke*; one who hates no name so much as that of *Christian*, because
he

he is afraid it would make him *Me*.
 He travailes over the wide *world* of
 he have as little *money* as *Religion*,
 more *Credit* then *money*. So that he
 ally at last constrain'd either to lie
 so become his *own Prisoner*, or to p
 Body to his *Gaoler* for his *chamber*, o
 become a *Citizen* of the *World*, and
 is *every where* at *home*, because he is i
home no where.

§. 8. *An Apologie for this part
 Character.*

Perhaps you may here expect n
 gie for making so *bold* with the *Gall*
 the foregoing lines I have done, wh
 so farre from *acknowledging* my self
 to doe; that I shall *hardly* obtair
 own *pardon* for being no *bolder*. 'T
 no other *respect* then a tender *Comp*
 his *Person*, and a most perfect *hate*
waies, that I *here* take leave of him.
 earnest (Sir) I have not the *patience*
 him any farther, no not in those *paths*
 in he *walkes* with so much *Pride* a
placency. If he think I have used

unkindly, I shall onely answer, that it is not halfe so ill as he ules himselfe: who by being so much his own *enemy*, has found out a very easy way for his *best friends* to be so too, and yet solve the *Contradiction* by an obvious distinction betwixt his *Spiritual* and his *Carnall* selfe.

I thank God, I have learn'd to hate a vice in my *best friend*, and the more I hate it the better I love my friend, whom I shall ever wish so well, as that he may continue for ever *Vertuous*, that so I may for ever have his friendship. And I have as well learn'd to love the soule of my most *vicious Enemy*, and the rather because I know my *Saviour*, did as much for me.

I dare not think a *Sinner* needs my prayers one jot the lesse, but much more my *Pitty*, because he pretends to be a *Gentleman*. I am sure he would say as much himselfe, if he could but seriously consider what distinction of blood or *Degrees* there is to be expected in *Hell*, or what respect will there be shew'd to the *Son* of a *Prince* more then to a *Beggar*. Which was best rewarded, the *Noble Dives*, or the *poore* and so long despised *Lazarus*? A *Captive* is still to be look'd upon



S E C T. II.

S. I. *The Second sort of Gentlemen not to be reckon'd amongst those which are truly such.*

I Would not have you think (Sir) that I have done with the *Spurious Gentleman*, when I have done with the *Gallant*. I should do some *violence* to the *true Gentleman's virtues*, should I say all that are not included in the foregoing *Character* are just such as *he*, and deale somewhat too *severely* with *him* of whom I am *now* to speake, if I should Conclude all that are *none* of the *Best*, to be the *very worst*. I find my selfe therefore necessitated to say a little of another, who, though he may be thought by many degrees above the *former*, yet have I no reason to call him a *Saint*. If we vie the *Common Course* of his life, and his *Ordinary Conversation*; we may perhaps discover in *him* something more of *Modesty* and the *man*,
then

then in the former, yet shall we not find *much more* then what is to be read in those *two names*, of *Religion* or the *Christian*: At best, he has in him onely so much of *Christianity* as may save his *Credit* in this world not his soule in the other. And of this sort is (alas, I may too truly say) the farr *greatest* part of our *Englisb Gentry*; I must include very many of our *Nominall Nobility*, and not a few of the *Reall* too, I mean as farre as blood alone will make them so, under this Head.

This indeed is that *Gentleman*, whether of *Citty* or *Country*, whom his neighbours, as well as himselfe, do too often, for want of a better, flatter into *Some-body*. One, who though he has more *discretion* then to be *stark mad*; and more *sobriety* than to dwell in a *Taverne*, or to *transforme* his own house (as too many chuse to do) into a perfect *Bedlam*; I am sure there wants very little of it in many, but the *Correction* and *Discipline*; Though he be not fully arrived at the very height of *Vanity*, nor can yet take a *Pride*, by the idle expence both of *estate* and *Honour*, to purchase an irremediable *Poverty* to his heires, and to himselfe the Empty title of *Spark* and *Gallant*: Yet he can hardly perswade me

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to

to believe, the *Principles* whereby he is kept within these *bounds* of *Modesty* and *Sobriety*, such as may *merit* him the *Name* of *Gentleman* or *Christian*. Indeed the greatest *Difference* betwixt him and the *Gallant* seems to be *this*, that whereas the *Gallant* is the *very Spume* and *Froth* of *Nobility*, which ever *workes upwards*, impatient of a *Confinement* within any *limitts* whatsoever, but *alwaies flies out* by reason of it's extraordinary *Levity* into *Emptyness* and *Ayre*; this *other Gentleman* like the *Lees* or *Dregs*, by reason of too great a mixture and participation of more *Grosse* and *Terrene* parts, *settles wholly downwards* till he come to the *very bottom* of all *Baseness*: Such *Lees* though at present of some more *use* than the *other*, yet will they at length prove good for *nothing* but to be thrown away.

§ 2. *Severall sorts of such Gentlemen.*

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Such a *Gentleman* as he who hath a good *estate* and a full *Chest*; and *these*, excepting a *Coate of Armes*, and a few old *Pictures* hung up in his *Parlor* or *Gallery* to let *strangers* see who were his *Father* and *Mother*,
are

are all he has to *show* for his *Nobility*: and yet his too great *Care* in preserving these, is for the most part, that wherby he forfeits his *Honour*: For as the *Former* freely spent his *estate* to make him a *Gallant*, so this latter as freely parts with all *Gallantry* to save his *estate*. If *Nature* have blest him with some *Good parts* and *Faculties*, and if the care of his *Parents* have added many more excellent *Ornaments* and *accomplishments* of a *Gentleman*; yet there alwayes appeares some *abatement* or other in his *Bearing*, which *Disgraces* all: And there is that base alloy of (I know not what) *drosse*, in his best *Gold*, which renders it *uncurrent*, and altogether *useless* both to *himselfe* and all the *world* besides. In some this is *Covetousness*, and a love of the *world*; in others 'tis *Cowardice* and a *Poor-spirit*; In a third sort *Lazyness* and a *Love of Ease*; and in many others *Pride* and a *vain-glorious Humour*. Though in favour to the *Gentleman*, or rather to the *world*, lest it might seem to be quite voyd of all such things as true *Gentry* and *Nobility*; men are willing very often to bestow upon them too *Good-Names*; Calling the first *Providence* and a *Naturall Care*; The second *Prudence*

dence and a Commendable Policy; The third a Good-Nature and a Peaceable mind; and the last a Noble and brave Spirit, and a piece of Necessary state. I Confesse I am as ready as any man to cast into him all the allowances, he can in any reason demand, or I with safety grant him, and all will be little enough to make him full weight for a Gentleman. But he must pardon me, if I love not to hear Good-names thus grossly abused; nor to see the most beloved and plausible vices passe so Currently and unquestion'd for Vertues. Call them what we will, and make them as Good as we can, as they are enough to sink the Gentleman as farr below his name as Hell is below Heaven; so have they been too effectually and prevalent of late, to the choaking up all breathings of true Religion and Piety, and to the bringing a Glorious Church and flourishing Kingdome, to say no worse, into a very low and ruinous Condition. And this I dare be bold to affirme, though I take not my selfe for a Politician, that let us all pretend and Endeavour too what we can, till we can make these Gilded vices to be known and owned by their owne names, we shall have all reason to hope for a settled Church, or
peace-



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peaceable state. I wish I had a *salve* which applied to the *Gentleman's blind Eye* might take off the *Pearle* and make him see this truth.

§ 3. *The Provident Gentleman.*

The Provident Gentleman (as he loves to heare himselfe miscall'd) is one who is ever putting the question with him in *Job*. *What profit is there in the Service of the Almighty?* If you could once perswade him to beleieve that every Good gift comes from above, and that *Whosoever askes shall indeed receive*, you would soon see him grow *Religious*, and heare him saying his *prayers* in good *Earnest*: But alas, so long as he can make a shift to fill up his *Coffers* by delving in the *Dirt*, you must give him leave to Continue *Infidell* in these particulars. He is Content to heare of *Glorifying God*, till you come to tell him he must do it with his *Substance*, but then it becomes an *hard saying*, and hee'l heare you of that at a *more Convenient time*; perhaps he means it upon his *death-bed*. So little is he in love with, or *sensible* of what you call *Honour*, that allow him the *gaine* and *profit*, let *God*

or any one else (it's all one to him), take the other. This Gentleman has just as much God and Religion as a full Chest will hold; his God and his Gold like Hippocrates his Twinnes, live and thrive, and are sick and dye together: and yet it were much to be wish'd he were but halfe so industrious to preserve the one, as he is to keep the other. Instead of laying up his treasure in Heaven, he lays up his Heaven in his Treasury; and, if God will be content with it soe, he shall be sure to have his heart there too. Covetousness, I dare say, in such as hee, is the greatest Idolatry; I am confident he would fall downe and worship the Image of a Nero, nay of a Devil, rather then want the single penny that beares it. You will have much adoe to convince him of the truth of the Apostle's Proposition, That Godliness is great gain, except you will grant him that this is a Logical Conversion, and not to be question'd, that Great gain is Godlyness. If with the Silver-smith he can by his craft get his wealth, then shall Religion become his trade, and the Church his forge: But till then you must give him leave to be a worshipper of his great Goddesse Diana. So farre is he from putting in practice that good and

and wholesome advice, to be *Carefull* in nothing, but in every thing to give thanks; that he dares never read the text but backwards, *Give thanks for nothing but in every thing be carefull*. He cannot esteem it a true piece of providence to make the *daie Content* with *it's own labour*, but on the Contrary he gives every day the trouble of *caring* for many yeares; and therefore is ready to Phancy himselfe farr from the *Rich Fool's* Condition in the *Gospell*, because he never yet could allow his *Soul* her *Requiem*, or think that he had enough for many yeares.

He takes much more paines to leave his *Children Rich* then Good, and had rather give them a *Portion* then a *blessing*. The main advice he gives them is to be *thrifty* and *Good-husbands*, let them make themselves *Godly* and *Good-Christians*. All the *learning* he intends to bestow upon them, is so much *Latine* as will fit them for understanding a *Bond* and so much *Arithmetick* as may secure them from the *Dishonesty* of an *unjust Steward*; If he suppose the *Book* may be made a *thrifty diversion* to keep them from the greater expense of the *Taverne* or their *Game*, he may perhaps allow something towards a *study*.

And (be sure) he will be carefull enough; to give them so much *Law* as may be sufficient to *maintaine* their owne *rights*, and *rack* their *Tenants*.

— If he go Constantly to *Church*, tis more to *serve himselfe* then his *God*. Often because he hopes by being his frequent *Auditor*, he may oblige the *Parson* to let him his *tithes* at a *low rate*, or to *believe* him a man of *Conscience*, that so he may *defraud* him of his *dues* without *suspicion*. For the most part this *Gentleman* is the *Patron* or has the *Impropriation*, and yet, whilest he and his family grow *fat* by feasting upon the *bread* of the *Altar*, he grudges him who dispenses *freely* of the *bread of life* the very *Crumbs* that *fall* from his *table*. The *Church* of *God* thus often *starves* for want of *food*, whilest such *Dogs* Eat up the *Children's bread*: Such men's whole *Lives* are but so many *Continued Sacriledges*, and all they can alledge for themselves comes but to this, that they *hold* their *sin* as their
— *land* by right of *Inheritance*, from their *Ancestors*: Their *Coffers* grow full by robbing the *Sanctuary*, and at every meal with their *sacrilegious* teeth, like so many *ravenous wolves* or *vultures*, they *teare* in pieces the
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Body of Christ's languishing Spouse: But let her *dye*, the *Provident Gentleman* had rather see her *Carkasse* then his *Chests* grow *Empty*; and if by her *death* he may peaceably enjoy her *revenues*, he will hardly *mourn*, but as such enriched *heires* use to doe, at her *funeralls*.

It is long since this Good man turn'd *Charity* out of dores, as an *unthrifty Hous-wife*, and one that made it her busyness to throw all away. The *Poor* come and goe about his *gates*, as hungry *birds* about a *painted Vine*, at best they meet with an *hard Crust* and *harder language*. He loves not thus to lend his *money*, though it be to the *Lord*, except he would give him *bond* to returne him *Eight* — in the *Hundred* here in *this world*. When our *Saviour* tells him of an *Hundred* for one here — below, and *eternall life* hereafter in *Heaven*, he hath as little *faith* to believe, as *patience* to waite for such a reward: Yet he could almost wish upon Condition the *former* part of the promise might be made good to him, *without Persecution*; that the *later* might be reserved for such who can Phancy a *God* in *Heaven* better then a *thousand pound* in *hand*.

If

If this Gentleman can but so farre deny himselfe as to do no open violence or Injury to any man; if he can arrive at that degree of *Christianity*; which will enable him to reach the *Negative* part of *Iustice* and *charity*, he is apt to think he has made a faire progresse in the way to Heaven. And yet (God knows) he ordinarily mistakes this part too. For to win another's estate by some quillet in the Law, or by bribing a Judge; to over-reach his poor neighbour in an hard Bargain; to take advantage of a needy person's present necessity, and accordingly raise the price of his Commodity; to exact first more then he is able to pay, and then make him pay use for his disability; to send a poore naked soul to bridewell instead of an Hospitall, to the stocks instead of a Bed, to call him knave and Vagabond, that he may have a pretence not to relieve him; to suffer a languishing Creature to dye in the street, whilst he had enough to spare wherewith to feed and cloath him; Or to permit a breach in the walls of *Jerusalem*, when a small summe out of his purse would repare it; These he can by no means amongst the species of Injuries in Charity; But therefore counts

counts all good duties as things *unnecessary* and no way obliging, indeed because *chargeable* and seemingly *Burthensome*; and such as contradict that thrifty *forecast*, and necessary *providence* he holds himselfe tyed to maintain. He thinks it a greater degree of *wisedom* to trust God's *providence* now for some *miraculous* reliefe of the *present* poore, then to rely upon it for the *after-enrichment* of his posterity.

Certainly this is the *thing* that passes so Currently for *Providence*, even amongst those who are counted the *wiser* and more *religious* sort of our *English Gentlemen*: But if *this* can belong to *Christianity*, then must *Covetousnesse* and a *Worldly minde*, be reckoned amongst our *Christian vertues*. It is (alas) too evident what good friends such *vertues* and such *Gentlemen* have been of late to our *Jerusalem*, whilst our *richest Gallantry* have all along, in these calamitous times, chosen rather, by a kind of *Constrained* bounty to reward the *Demolishers*; then voluntarily to part with a *farthing* to pay the *builders* of our ruined *Sion*. Besides this, it is not a little to be fear'd that those many *Contrary Oathes* and *Engagements*, *Vowes* and *protestations*,

testations, which with the help of this *sauce* of *providence* have been so readily *swallowed* (I fear I may say) by the greatest part of our Gentry, will at last expose their *soules* within no lesse to *Corruption*, then the Contrary *Qualities* do their *Bodies* without. O how happy might this poore *Nation* have been even to this day, had not the *Rich Gentleman* under a pretence of a *Naturall affection* and a *Necessary Providence*, set an higher æstimate upon his own *Chest*, then the *Arke* of God; upon his owne *Barne*, then the *Lord's Temple*; Had he not loved his *Interest* more then his *Religion*, the *safety* of his *Body* more then the *Salvation* of his *Soul*, his *Naturall children* more then his *Heavenly Father*, and his *money* above them all.

§. 4. *The Prudent Gentleman.*

By this short view I have given you of the *Provident Gentleman*, I suppose you will grant him to be none of those we may call the *best*, or such as it might be wished, we had many of in our *Nation*; And truly the *Prudent Gentleman*, I mean him who is now adayes knowne by that name, is not of a much *Nobler dye*: very often you shall find him

him to be the very *same*, alwayes very *meer* of *kind* to the former. *Cowardice* is as much afraid to be *known*, and therefore as loath to walk without her maske as *Covetousness*; and would as gladly arrogate to her selfe the never more abused names then now of a *wise caution*, and a *Christian Prudence*; as that other of a *vertuous thrift* and necessary *Providence*.

Insteed of being (as *wisedome* commanded his *Disciples*) *wise as serpents*, Gentlemen are become meer *Serpents in wisdom*; and have render'd themselves very capable of that Commendable *Character*, which was long agoe given to the *Serpent*, *They are more subtiler then all the beasts of the field*; and the *Prudence* they boast of, and under which they vaile a *Carnall mind*, and a *Carking Cowardly soul*, is nothing else but a *worldly Policy*, or rather a *Devillish Subtilty*. They have made one halfe of the text quarrel with, and juttle the other quite out of their Bibles, advancing the *wisedome* of the *serpent* to so high and *Intense* a degree, that it cannot admit the *least* proportion of the *Holy Doves* more necessary *Innocence*. Such a foraminous piece of *Net-worke* has *Christian Prudence* been

— been made of late, that these *Glib serpentine Politicians* can see *wind* themselves in and out at pleasure, as if they meant neither *God* nor *Man* should ever know certainly where to have them.

— It is a very famous piece of the *Gentleman's* prudence to Endeavour to *Out-wit* an *All-wise* God, and to go about to put *Fallacies* upon him out of his owne word, often making even *God's* most *righteous precepts*: the *Topicks* of his *disobedience*. How frequently endeavours he to cloak the violation of one law, by a *pretended obedience* to another, and by setting *God's Commands* at variance one with another, thinks to *steal* away his beloved *sin*, and not be taken notice of? He dares not *take up his Crosse* and follow *Christ*, lest he should become *Felo de se*, accessory to his owne death; Nor knows he how to *forsake Father and Mother* for *Christ's sake*, without a breach of the *Fifth Commandment*, which binding him to *Honour both*, he cannot see how he may in any sence *forsake either*. He dares not *part* with *houses and lands*, for fear he might seem to *Dispise* *God's good Blessings*; nor *hazard* his *estate* in the *vindication* of his *Religion* and his *Loyalty*, lest he should

should be said to have thereby *throw away* the opportunities of expressing his bounty and his *Charity*; He knows how much he is obliged not to *deny Christ before men*, and to give an account of his faith to such as demand it of him; but then he produces a text which tells him of *daies wherein the Prudent shall keep silence*, and these *daies* he supposes still present, whensoever his person or estate may be endanger'd by an open heart or an *Ingenuous tongue*. He will be ready to suffer *Persecution* for the Gospel of Christ, and, with *St Paul*, to be bound and to dye; but this must onely bee when his *Prudence* is at a losse and he can find out no way just or unjust to avoyd all this. As long as there are *shifts* enow left him, such as *dissembling language*, *Covert Engagements*, *Cunning flatteries*, *treacherous Compositions*, *petty Contributions*, *Underhand Compliances*, in things both *Civill* and *Religious*, he thinks he wants no *honest Evasions*, to secure both *Life* and *livelyhood*. Thus he is Content to set him down in *quietnesse*, whilst the *Enemies of God's Church* advance in *troops* and *Armies* against her; and thinks it enough, when he can say he *wishes* all well, and *praies for the Peace of Jerusalem*.

It

It were no *Prudence openly* to declare his *opinion*, or to *act* on any side; alas, he is but *one single* man, and *one's* as good as *none* against the stream of the *multitude*, not *Considering* that where *one* does not *joyne* with *one*, there can be no *multitude*. There are *other* Champions enow in the world to vindicate her quarrell, such as have no *estates* to look after, No *families* to provide for, when if all were of *his mind* there would not be so much as *one*; and besides who has greater reason to *labour* then he that has already received so great a share of his *wages*. What though he freely *gives* away a large portion of his goods to the *Enemies* of God? It is but the way to *secure* the *rest* for *better* purposes. What though he be constrain'd with *faire speeches* to *flatter* up the *transgressors* in their Iniquities? His *heart* for all this shall be for *God*, his *prayers* for the *Church*, and he is as *Good* a *Christian* and as *Loyall* a *Subject* *within* as the best. Alas, 'tis no great matter to *Comply* a little in outward things, to lay an *hand* upon a *Bible*, to *invoke* the *sacred Name* of God, and *seemingly* to *Renounce Religion* and *Loyalty*; God knows, he *intends* no such matter, but onely takes
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this Course to keep his *Family* from ruine, and to preserve himselfe *safe* and *whole* to doe *God* and his *Church* more service hereafter.

It is all one with him to goe to *Church* or *Conventicle*, so he may by frequenting either be thought to favour the *Religion* in *Fashion*, and so not be suspected an *Enemy* to the *God* that rules, the man in power with a sword in his hand. He can take a great deal of pains, rise early, and go farre, to encourage a *seditions* Lecture, and when Sermon's done with an *Hypocriticall* face smile upon the preacher, and inviteing him home with him witness his thanks and approbation in a *Good dinner*; But he holds it imprudence to frequent that *true worship* and *service* of *God*, which the excellency thereof and the *Command* of his superiours commends to his *Conscience*, lest he should be thereby thought *ill-affected* to that *Religion*, which he would have *Good men* believe his soul abhorres. He dares Countenance *Rebellion* and *Sacriledge* both with his tongue and *Purse*; but esteems it dangerous, and therefore (without all doubt) *Imprudence*, to Contribute so much as a *Good look* to the Encouragement

of the truly *Religious* and *vertuous*, lest he should be suspected by the *prosperous sinner*, an *Enemy to Treason*, and *Wickednesse*.

Till we can find a way how to cast out this *Prudent Devill*, which (as the *Prophet* tells us) is *wise to doe evill but to doe Good has no understanding*; we shall ever heare this possess'd *Gentleman* crying out with the *Damoniack* in the *Gospell*, *what have we to doe with thee Iesus thou son of God? Why art thou Come to torment us before our time?* Such a perfect Gout is this *prudent Cowardise*, that the lame *Gentleman* ever cries out at the very sight of any thing looks like *Religion*, as if it would come too neer him, and touch him upon the sore place. So sad a thing is it to stand in feare of *healsh*, lest it should make us *sick*; to tremble at the sight of what would bring us to *Heaven*, lest we should lose our *Earth*; and to take so much anxious care to preserve the *Body* whole, for fear a *Courteous wound* should set open the dore, and give the *soul* leave to fly out into *Heaven* and be at rest.

If such men be truly *prudent*, then are all true *Christians* undoubtedly *fools*: Or if this *over-warynesse* be no more but a *prudent* and *Religious Caution*, then are most of our *Eng-*
lish

lish Gentlemen (which I have not yet *Charity* enough to beleieve) *Prudent Christians*. But (alas) *Neutrality* hangs too much betwixt two, ever to come so high as *Heaven*; and a *Cold Indifferency* comes so farre short of that necessary *zeal* which is the unfailing *Consequent* of true *Piety*; that it is impossible it should ever be Crown'd with eternall *Happinesse*. He that is not deeply in love with his *God*, cannot place his absolute *felicity* in the *fruition* of *God*; and he that is afraid to do any thing, or think's it *prudence* to suffer nothing for him, is not in *Love* with him. *God* has long agoe told the *Gentleman*, and all others, how much of another temper he must be who will live for ever, instructing him what an immediate *Contrariety* there is betwixt being for *God* and against him, soe that there can be no mean left for such a *prudent Indifferency*: betwixt fighting Under *Christ's Banner*, and being the *Devill's Souldiers*. *Moderation*, 'tis true, in things of *Indifferency* is a *Commendation*; but the *Gentleman* needs feare as little that he can be over *zealous* in a *Good matter* here upon *Earth*, as that he may be over happy in *Heaven*. As there be no *Angels* but such as

— are either *very good*, or *very bad*, so every Gentleman is either a *Saint* indeed, or else *stark naught*. He that *sitts still* shall come as *soone* to *Hell* as he that *sweats* in *pursuite* of it. But whosoever hopes to Come to *Heaven*, he must *ever run* and with his face *that way* if he will be sure to *obtaine*. I would wish that Gentleman who has not the heart to *Confesse Christ before men*, to Consider, how he can have the *Courage* to hear *Christ denying him before his Father which is in Heaven*, or to Endure those *torments* in *Hell* which he shall be sure to undergo for *not Confessing him* here upon Earth. Such a *Lukewarme* soul is so *Nauseous* unto God, that he must at last *Spue him out* into the *Bottomelless pit*.

If this be *Christian Prudence*, to secure an *Estate* or preserve a *Family*, or save a *life*, by being *frigid*, and so *Spiritless* in our *Profession*, as may make us *nauseated* by God, and set us at such a distance from Heaven; a true *Christian* shall have as little reason to *Envy* the Gentleman his *Prudence*, as the poore Church of *England* has cause to be *proud* of his *Courage*.

§. 5. The

§. 5 *The Peaceable Gentleman.*

The *Peaceable* and *Honest-natur'd Gentleman* (as many call him) is one to whom the poore *Church of England* is not much more indebted for his kindnesse then to either of the former : this is he that is so farre from being *Cordially* sensible of the *Afflictions of Joseph*, or the *dessolations of Jerusalem*, that he seems to have hardly so much of an *humane spirit* in him as to understand the meaning of those two words, *Happiness* and *Misery*. Three parts of his time at least, he spends in *sleep*, as if he were resolved to die all his *life* long; or by this course to keep himselfe *Ignorant* of the *Concerning* affaires of the world, being loath to come acquainted with the truth of those evils which he is resolved not to take any pains to *remove*. The other *quarter* of his time he carefully *divides* betwixt his *meales* & his *sports*, and this he calls, liveing a *Good, honest, quiet*, and *harmlesse* life, such as *hurts* no body.

Sometimes he seems even to *Envy* the *very stones* that *Constant rest* which *Nature* has indulged them, whereby they are made

incapable of any *motion* but what is occasion'd, and that but rarely, by some violence from without them. If he had so much of that *Philosophy*, which tells us the *celestiall bodies* are in a *perpetuall motion*, as to believe it for a truth, he would for that very cause be unwilling to go to *Heaven*. When he hears of an *eternall Saboth* of rest for all those that goe thither, he is almost perswaded to become a *Christian*, yet is he in a great straight betwixt two, for though he love his rest too well, yet he hates the very name of *Saboth* much more, especially when he hears *St John* telling him, that, the *Angells* and *Glorified Saints* never cease *Day nor Night* from praising God.

Sometimes again he seems to grudge the poore brut *Animals* their *Irrationalitie*, and to share with them, endeavours by a *Sordid sensuality* to degrade himselfe into a *Beast*, or at least, to become as like one as humanity will permit him. That he may be better acquainted with their *Natures* and *dispositions*, his *Dog* and his *Horse*, or his *Hawke*, henceforward become his *Principall Companions*; with these he plaies, and with these he discourses, and towards these

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(if you seriously consider all his *termes of Art*, you will be ready to say) he has his *set formes of Complement*: and indeed his whole *study* is to learne readily to speak that *language* wherein he may be *understood* by the *filly animals*. When the *weather* or his *health* or the like will not befriend him in these *exercises abroad*; then he sits at *home*, *numbring his minutes* by the *turnes* of his *die*, or the *playing* of his *Cards*; or perhaps gets so much liberty abroad, as to measure out his *houres* by the motions of his *bowle*. Such a *merciless Tyrant* is he to *that* (which he feares he shall never loose or destroy fast enough) his *precious times*; that he allwaies studies to invent variety of *Executions* for it. Now he delights to *drown* it in his *Cups*, anon he *burnes* it in his *Pipe*, by and by he *tramples* it under his *horse's hooves*; again he *knocks* it in the head with his *Bowl*, *teares* and *devours* it with his *Hawks* and his *Hounds*; there is nothing he will leave un-experimented, 'till he have certainly found out a way to prevent it's *natrall, Honest* and *Commendable departure*.

These Courses he willingly allows himselfe in, and desires to have *all* thought noe

more or worse then his *Contempt* of the world, and his *study* of *retirednesse* from those *Distracting Cumbrances* thereof, which are unworthy of a *Christian*. or a *Gentleman*.

Sometimes he delights to consume a great part of his time in unnecessary *visits*, but studies withall to make them so *unprofitable*, as if he were desirous to have it thought men were *made* onely now and then to look upon one another: his *discourse* (what there is of it) being so *idle* and *impertinent*, that it serves to no other end, then to *exercise* his *tongue* and keep it by much *motion* *voluble*; lest for want of *use* he should in a short time (as he does by most good things) forget to *speak*. Sometimes you shall have a *Complement* from him, but puff'd up with so many *hyperbolicall* expressions of *your worth*, and of the *incredible* respects he has for *your person*, that you cannot chuse but — suspect he only *labours* how to be *disbelieved*; or has learn'd of his *Dogges* how to *fawn* and *flatter*. And thus when he has made a shift to *lose* an *honre* or two, and to *trouble* his *friends* with much *Impertinent* talke, he returnes home again to *eat* and *play*, and *sleep*, and spend the remainder of his time as *Idly* as he can, In

In a word this sort of *Gentlemen* borders so closely upon him we first described, the *Gallant*, that I shall not need to say more of him, then only this, that he has some *degrees* lesse of *Madnesse* then the other; he seems as yet but to hang about the *dores*, and has not gain'd an *admission* into the *Society* of *Raunters*: Nor is this because he wants a *Genius* or *Inclination* to evill in the *Generall*, but rather he is beholding to *one vice* to keep him from *another*, and being wedded so much to *this*, is forced to abstain from it's *Contrary*. Either he is *tyed* to his *Chest* with a *Golden chaine*, which will not allow him the liberty of *ranging* into so many *costly* riots; or else a *leadn* *dulnesse* so much oppresses his soule, that she cannot *Soare* so high in the vast *Region* of *Debauchery*: So that if you find him free from any *one vice*, he is to thank the *Contrary vice* and not the *vertue* for it; or at best, he owes it to an *Infirmittie* of *Nature* that he is free from *both*.

Indeed for the most part this *Gentleman* is (as the *Philosophers* use to say of their *first matter*) though not perfectly *formed* into all those *Noble* qualifications (as they are usually

usually miscall'd) of the *Compleat Gallant* , yet is he, at least , in a remote *Disposition* to all or any of them: As the *Polypus* is said to be alwaies of the same colour with the neighbouring *object*; or as the *Looking-glasse* reflects as many different *faces* as are obviated to its own *superficies*: So is this *Gentleman* not properly *one*, but *any Body* ; of the *Religion*, and the *Humour*, and the *fashion* of his *Companions*, as neer as his own *weaknesse* will permit him to *Imitate* them. And this is it which Commonly purchases him the repute of a *Civill*, a *Courteous*, an *Affable*, a *Good-natured* and *sweet-disposition'd* person: Only because he knowes as little how to be *angry* with a *vice*, as how to be *guilty* of a *vertue*. Such a *Ductile*, *seft* and *Compliant* soul he has, that as the *Wax* to the *Seal*, he would fain *smile* upon every man in his *own* face, and *speak* with every one in his *own* language; He *Complements*, and *Praises*, and *Flatters*, and performs all the offices of a *Gentleman*, as his *shadow* in the *Glasse*, only by *reflection*. For a *fair word* he will part with his *own soul*, and *with a fair word* he does often occasion the *ruine* of many more: whilest he loves as much to flatter *others* up
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in *their* wickednesse, as to be flattered up by others in his own. Say and doe what you will (So you injure not his person or estate, nor rob him of his beloved ease) you are sure to have his approbation, and if for this he may have yours, he thinks it a reward and encouragement great enough. But I leave him.

§. 6: *The Stately Gentleman.*

There is yet another that challenges a roome in this paper, and truly deserves his place as much as any: If he will not be angry, and in a rage swear to burne the paper, when he finds himselfe set in the last and lowest place, all's well enough. And this is that *Stately* and *Majestick* he, whom I dare hardly name lest he should take it as an affront, for though he hunts after a name and reputation amongst all men, yet he looks upon it as a kind of *Disparagement* of his vertues, and an *undervaluing* of his Honour, to heare his name from any mouth but his own. But most of all he esteems it *orphaned*, when mention'd by persons so *inconsiderable*, as all those of our Colour, unto such as
himselfe

himselfe have ever appear'd.

This is he who thinks himselfe as much too good to be a *Christian*, as he thinks all *Christians* too mean to be accounted *Gentlemen*. His onely God is his *Honour*, and to give it something of a *Deity*, he Phancies it to be singular, and that there is none other besides it; when (alas) this *Idoll* too is just nothing. But such is the strange *Omnipotence* of *Pride* and *Ambition*, this Gentleman can first create to himselfe a *God* out of nothing, and then fall down and *Worship* the *Idolized Vanity* which his own *Ridiculous Phancy* has thus set up. That he does indeed more esteem this *Shadow* then the true *God*, he too loudly affirms in all his *Oaths*; for when he intends what he saith shall unquestionably passe for serious and creditable, he swears by his *Honour* and *Reputation*: Other *Oaths* he hath enow, by the *Glorious Majesty* of *Heaven* and *Earth*, which are but too litterally the *Burthen* of his discourse; these (as we said of the *Gallant*) he uses not for *Confirmation* of the truth, but as the sportive recreations of his tongue, and the graces and Ornaments of Good Language.

He it is, that (wheresoever he be) will see that

that all men doe their *duties*, but *himselfe*. And he doth *something* well herein, except, when by a *proud mistake* he calls an *unmerited respect* to his own *Suppositions vertues*, their *indispensible Duty*. He looks that all men should observe as great a *distance* from his person, as he is resolved to doe from their *vertues*; or as if *already* he were (where I wish by the much despised grace of *Humility* he may at last be found) in *heaven*. He expects no lesse *observance* and *reverence* from his *Tenants*, then as if he were not only *Lord* but *Creator* of the *Mannor*: as though he would be thought as much *Master* of the *Universe*, as he is the *slave* of his own *Ambition*. He *walks* up and down so *wantonly* and *affectedly*, as if he intended thereby principally to *Demonstrate* to the world his great *perfections* and *Excellency*, that he must take much pain to do *amisse*. This *Lordly Sir*, so long as he can but get a *Cap* and a *knee* from his *Inferiours*, and the *chair* at every meeting with his *bitters*; he thinks that all the *blessings* of *Heaven* (though a *Crown of Glory* be one of them) can *adde* nothing to his *Honour*: Were it but for *this one* reason, he would never make it his *businessse* to come *thither*,

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— *thither*, because he may justly *despaire* of e-
 ver being the *best* man *there*. If it may be
 conferred upon him as an *Honorary reward*,
 — and upon the *meritorious* claime of his *ver-*
tues, he will perhaps be *Content* to *weare*
 the *Crown*; but as a *Gift* he *scornes* it, lest
 he should *draw* upon himselfe an *obligation*
 to the *Donor* by accepting it: And as his
wage he *scornes* no lesse to *acknowledg* it,
 for as he has not by any labour *Earn'd* it, so
 is he afraid to be look'd upon to his *God* in
 the relation of a *servant*.

In short this *Gentleman* Phancies himselfe
 endow'd with such a *transfigurative* excel-
 lency, that (as the *Philosophers* stone, once
found, should turne all things it touch'd into
Gold) he supposes it able to turne all things
 into *Gentile* and *excellent* which he is in love
 with: All his *vices*, whatever *deformity*
 the *dull* eye of the world apprehends to be
 in them, his *over-weaning* *humour* looks upon
 as no lesse then the most *absolute* of all *ver-*
tues: and he conceits himselfe so *Immove-*
ably fixed and settled upon the highest *Pi-*
nacle of *Honour*, that *Basenesse* it selfe shall
 never have any power to *degrade* him. Thus
 ever conceiting himselfe placed at so great

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a height, it is no great wonder if he become so giddy at length in all his actions; and beholding others at so great a distance, I marvel not, that he begins to see men like Moles upon the earth, and to think them all so blind, that they cannot discern his vanity. This indeed it is that makes him think neither Church nor State worth his regarding, he can with Dry eyes behold both vessels split at once, and in the mean time flatter himself up with the Divellish hopes of Enriching his Ambition by the miserable wrack.

This is he, that can think it no Injustice to rob the whole world, and rife the store-house of Nature, to adorne his Body and humour his Palate; to weare the portions and livelihoods of (I know not how many) Orphans and Widlowes in a Bandstring; and carry the lives and Fortunes of many languishing Souls upon his Little-finger. I wish that whilst he casts so scornfull an eye upon these poore naked Beggars, he would but seriously consider how many of their Contemptible rags he hath pick'd up together, to patch up all that bravery upon his own back; whilst either his oppression occasion'd, or his un-
cha-

charitablenesse prolong'd their *lamentable* condition. He makes indeed almost the
 — whole *creation Club* to maintane his *Ambition*, and returns a *derision* in requitall.

This Gentleman's chiefe *pastime* and *sport* whereby he makes himselfe *merry*, is to laugh at two sorts of men, The *Godly* and the *Poor*, the one as a *Pracisian*, and he that has *unmann'd* himselfe by too much *Religion*, the other as the *out-cast* of *Fortune*, or a man intended by *Nature* for nothing else, but by his *labour* to make him *rich*, and by his *Ignorance* to make him *merry*. The *Black-coate* or *Parson* (for by these names he thinks he does sufficiently pay the *Divine* and *Scholar*) he ever looks upon with as much *Superciliousnesse* and *disdain*, as if the very *Colour* of his *Coat* were odious and an *Eye-sore* to him, or as if because *shame* and *fear* keep him from *Immediate* and *Direct Blasphemy*, He were resolved to expresse his
 — *splene* against God himselfe, by despighting his *servants*. He is seldome or never his *Auditor* but when he has a mind to *sleep*, or is disposed to be *merry*, and then he comes to *Church* and there *worships* God just as he honours his *Ministers* out of it: Nay he is
 unwilling

unwilling to allow his God that *ordinary Civility*, which and much more he expects from his own *Chaplain*, that of a *Cap* and a *knee*: Or if his *Breeding* have taught him more *manners*, then his *Piety* has *Reverence*; then shall all his *Religion* be pent up into this one poor *Ceremony*, and so he makes his *Worship* all one with his *Complement*.

This is he, whose intollerable *Pride* makes every thing, that is not the very *basest* kind of *Flattery*, passe for an *Affront*, and an high piece of *Disrespect* unto his *Person*. For this immediatly he studies a *revenge*, which he has learn'd to call a necessary *vindication* of his *Honour*. What an excellent *Chimistry* is there in such deluded *Nobility*, which can *extract* a *Spirit* of *Honour* out of the very *Dunghill* of *Unworthynesse*; and find so admirable a *sweetnesse*, in that which cannot be thought better then the very *Ordure* and *Excrement* of *Ambition*, *Malice* and *Envy*, I mean, *Revenge*! Let but the least *Circumstance* of that *Respect*, he supposes due, be omitted, and presently there flies out a *Challenge*, and for the most part so *vauntingly* worded as if he meant his *breath* or his *Ink* should doe more *execution* then his *sword*

By this meanes he makes his first *thrust* at his adversaries very *heart*, that so he may wound
 — his *courage* before they *met*, and cause his *heart* to *faile* him before the *Encounter*; for this indeed is often the *onely* way his *late* repented *temerity* uses to leave him, for the securing of his *Reputation*. But if so be his *courage* stand upon the same *levell* with his *Ambition*, 'tis nothing but the *death* or *disgrace* of his *Antagonist*, will assuage his *Fury*, in the *Field* therefore he often sends his *Body* to the *Grave*, and his owne *Soule* to *Hell* at a *Blow*. This is his *Gallantry*, and this the necessary *vindication* of that *Honour*, which is so *tender*, that every thing except it have in it the unworthy *softnesse* of the most *servile* compliance with his owne unconstant *Humour*, *rends*, *spots*, or *grieves* it: and which nothing can *wash* *clean*, or make *whole* again: but the *Heart-blood* of him who durst give the *Affront*.

I hope he will not take it as *such*, if I make bold here to take my leave of him; I have neither *leisure* nor *patience* to trace him through the wild *Labyrinth* of his *Pride*, wherein he has long agoe with no small complacency *lost* himselfe, and *all* things which looke
 like

like *vertue*. I wish all men, whom he studies to provoke into a *madnesse* equall with his owne, may ever have that high *charity* for this *Gentleman*, which I have now; then should they answer all his challenges with this prayer, That God would give him more *courage*, then to suffer himselfe to be thus basely *Affronted* and *domineer'd* over by so dangerously insulting a *Passion*, without the least *Essay* towards the just *vindication* of that *Name* and *Honour* which alone are *Valuable*.

§. 7. *The conclusion of this part.*

I should as much tyre you (*Sir*) as my selfe, should I run (though with never so much *haste*) over all the particulars of the *Gentleman's* *vanity* and *madnesse*; which are so inseparably, for the most part, interwoven one within another, that I feare I may already seeme too *absurd*, by dividing them into so many *Sects* or *Species*. The plaine truth is, *Vice* seemes to be that very blood which *Gentility* so much boasts of; that which conveyes it selfe through all the *Gentlemans* *veins*, and is dispersed into all the severall

members of the body, in a measure suitable to the capacity of each. Or rather you may call it the *common-soule* which informs and actuates the whole body of Gallantry; and which is Communicated to the particular members thereof, not by an extention, or Distribution of parts and degrees, but (to borrow once more the *Philosopher's* Phrase) it is wholly in the whole, and wholly in every part of the whole. If the great variety and diversity of operations will yet needs plead for a further Distinction, we must say, what we use to say of the various *actings* of the same soule, This Diversity ariseth not from a Multiplicity of Soules or Principals, but from the many powers and faculties of that one soule, and the various dispositions and qualities of the *Materiall Organs*.

Really, Sir, the Gentleman we have hitherto spoken of, is but the more curious and costly instrument of Sin, and would appeare such a *breathlesse* thing without it, that a man might well question whether or no he would be found an *animated being*. For ought that I can yet discover, he has no more motion then what vice gives him, excepting that which he expresses when he is *asleepe*, which
(letting

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(setting aside his excess therein) is almost the *only* thing wherein hee lookes like a man.

To give you therefore the *Conclusion* of this whole *character*; call him *any thing* but what hee *would* be call'd, and you can hardly *mis*call him; for indeed he is almost *any thing* but what he *would* be thought to be. A *Gentile* thing, made to weare fine cloathes, and throw away much *money*: to eat the *best*; and drinke the *best*, and doe the *worst*: one, that seemes to have been sent into the world, to help *away* with the superfluities of *Nature*; and by his *Intemperance* to devour all those temptations which might allure others to the like *Sinne*. He knowes no *shame* but that which arises from *singularity*; nor any *singularity*, but in doing and living *well*.

*Character
Sententious*

§. 8. *A more particular application of
this Character to our present
English Gentleman.*

It has, alas, been but too true in all Ages, that to be *Great*, and to be *Good*, are *two*: and never was there a more unde-

nyable *Demonstration* of this truth, then in the present *Gentleman* of *England*, to the no lesse *dishonour* of the whole *Nation*, then *Disparagement* of his own *name* in particular. Whilst there is nothing more his *talk* and his *posting*, then his *blood* and his *Breeding*, and yet nothing less his *Care* then to *Dignify* the one, or *makeweight* use of the other. How few of those *Gentlemen* have we now to *show*, who dare make it their *businessse*, and their *Glorie* to be *serviceable* to their *God*, their *Country*, or the *Church*, or that have *breasts* full of that *Harold* Courage and *magnanimity*, that may embolden them to *resist* a sin that is *profitable* or in *Fashion*. How rarely are the men to be met with, who indeed have a real *sense* of any thing, but their *Meat*, their *Drink*, their *Apparel*, and their *Game*! Except you will Instance in some of their most notorious *vices*, wherein indeed they do too truly *amulate*, and labour to *survie* each other.

Heretofore when this shatter'd *Nation* was a well cemented *Kingdome*, and enjoy'd those (then slighted, but now much desired) blessings of *peace* and *plenty*; how by a *strut* of those great mercies did the
Gentleman

Gentleman even Dare Almighty God to punish him or his Nation! And now that a sad and long experience of their Contraries, has made him feel, though he will not yet be truly sensible of, the lamentable Consequents and effects of his former Bold Wickednesses; how does he instead of Confessions, petitions and vows, draw up, as it were, his Remonstrances against his God, and wages an open warre with Heaven, endeavouring to force the Almighty unto a Composition and that upon the most unacceptable termes in the world? It is too manifest (alas) to any eye; how little Holinesse has been the Product of those Judgments which have doubtlesse, among other sins, been the especial punishments of the Gentleman's Luxury and prophanessee. Wee here him indeed very frequently crying out upon these sad times, but too seldome reflecting upon those much worse men who occasion'd them. Like a Churlish Dog, Snarling at him that beats him, but never considering whose the fault was that caused the beating. I know not I confesse what should make the Gentleman so Atheisticall in all his Actions, as either formerly he has been, or now is: Except

God's *mercy* on the one hand perswaded him he could never be *provoked* unto *Judgment*; or his *Judgments* on the other that he can never be *reconciled* in *mercy*; except he dares think the *Benefits* he formerly enjoyed greater then a *just* God could possibly conferre upon so *unworthy* a *sinner*; or the present *Judgments* he now smarts under, rather the *Crossesse* of an unkind *fortune*, then the *tokens* of the Incensed *wrath* of an *Angry God*. Whence else should he be either so *stupid* or *unnaturall*, as neither to live *thankfully* under the former, nor *penitently* under the latter?

§. 9. *The Winner and the Loser in these times.*

I find *two* sorts of such *Gentlemen*, one is the *Winner* the other is the *Loser* in this late *game* (for indeed we have all along *sported* our selves in our own *Miseries*) which has been *plaid* in *England*.

The *former* of these thinks himselfe much too *happy* already, to become now *Holy*. The *Fortunate successe* which he hath had in his *sins*, makes him onely *repent* that he practised

fed them no sooner; and the *taking* way of *Religious pretences*, makes him sorry for nothing but that he was no *Earlier* an *Hypocrite*: It is a very sad thing to Consider what *foul tricks* this *Politick Jugler* every day *plaies* behind the glorious *hangings* of these *Religious pretences*: what deadly *poysons* he has sent abroad into the world in this *perfumed breath*. This *Gentleman's* onely *Religion* is his *Art of Dissimulation*; the faire *gilt* which makes his *Copper Cohn* to passe so *Currently*. O what a *Chargable* commodity has this *Legerdemain* been to our little world! Whilest they who have it, purchased it at no *lower* rate, then that of all *sincerity* and *honesty*; and they that will live *safe* by them, must become as very *knaves* as themselves. That *Garment of Religion* which is now worne and in *Fashion* with these men, is of a very *slight* stuffe, and indeed by long *wearing* and often *piecing* is so very full of *diversly* colour'd *patches*, that it is hard to say which is *that*, which belong'd at *first* to the *whole*: And whence is all this, but from the *Gentleman's* scorning the good and strong *lining* of *Morality* (so much now *adaies* decried by the most) which

which would have held all much Longer together: he is the onely *Saint* in the world (if you'll believe himselfe) and the *Morall-man* is no companion for him. O how many faire *Estates* and Glorious *Churches* has this man's furious zeale reduced to *ashes* ? and yet, alas, the long promised *Phoenix* of Reformation appears not yet. How many *Palaces* and *Temples* has his *Piety* defaced ? How many rich *treasuries* has his *self-denyall* plunder'd ? And whence all this, but because *Robbery* and *Sacrilege* are much more profitable appendages of his *Religion*, then the more castly formalities, and expensive superstitions of the other ? To how many *Sons of Rebellion* has that one plausible pretence of *Christian liberty*, by this Gentleman, beene made the *Mother* ! And yet for all this is our *Freedome* but still an *Idaa*, and our happinesse a *Phancy*.

How dearly has the *Church* paid for the *New-coyning* of this *Language*, and refining his prophanenesse and *Ribaldry* into *Dissimulation* and *Canting* ? O what an enriching Commodity is *Hypocrisy*, which has set up so many *Broken tradesmen* in the world *Compleat Gentlemen* ? And extracted our most refined

refined Nobility out of the very drosse of the People! Indeed if to be rich, be to be a Gentleman; if to be Crafty be to be Prudent; if to dissemble be the highway to be Sainted; and to be Fortunate the sole *Fælicity*, which terminates the hopes, and must crowne the endeavours of a Christian: If the feares and cowardice of fools and sinners, and the scorne and pittie of the wise and good, will make a man truly Honourable, who hath no foundation of his owne wherupon to build a Reputation; then is this prosperous and thriving Gentleman, and none but such as he, the true Gentleman of our Nation.

But the Gentleman on the *losing side* will, I know, think it too much (and well he may) that another should grow so honourable at his cost and charges, and give him so few thanks for his honour when he has it. He is no lesse troubled to thinke how hee shall yield him so much Honour now, then he was to part with his estate to him a while agoe. But then, alas, what does this Gentleman, who (with no small passion) calls himselfe a loser, towards the regaining of what hee has lost? truly just the same, which at first occasion'd the losse it selfe: as if not being *Evill*, but

but *Evill* to a *lesse* degree had beene the *onely* cause of all his sufferings; and the way to remove his *afflictions* were to be ten times more a *sinner* then before: He so behaves himselfe under the *correcting* hand of God, as if he thought, the mercifull God did onely *chastise* his *children* to make them cry and *complaine* of his unkindnesse, not at all to make them *sensible* of their *errors*, or *for-sake* their *wickednesse*. Certainly such a *resentment* of God's dealings with us is a *stubbornnesse*, not a *pœnitence*; and such a *preposterous* improvement of God's *deserved* judgements, is the way to *provoke* him unto more and greater, not to *perswade* him to withdraw the *lesse* and *lighter*. O that the *suffering* Gentleman would but seriously think of this! who growes daily (as 'tis visible in all his actions) *worse* by *Correction*; and only *swears* at, and *Curses* his *Oppressors*, instead of *fasting* and *praying* for the pardon of his *Offences*. He takes it to be an undeniable *priviledg* of *Loosers* to *talk* what they *list*, though never so *prophanely*: and looks upon this *time* of his *sorrowes* as the chiefe *opportunity* of serving *himselve*, and *easing* his *heart* by all kinds of *merriment*: and there-fore

fore he makes haſt to *drink* and *play* away his *Cares* and the ſcant *reliques* of his *estate* together. Neither yet can I believe he would be halfe ſo bad as he is, were it not more in *oppoſition* to his *Enemy*, then out of *love* to his own *vices*. He often abhorres and abſtains from the vices of *other men*, not (as good *Chriſtians* doe) for the *ſin's* ſake — but for the *ſinner's*, from *whom* he endeavours to ſet himſelfe at ſuch a *diſtance*, that he never reſts 'till he be gotten into the *Contrary* extreme, and often into the more *Scandalous* though not alwaies the more *dangerous* of the two. As if *vice* could have no *opposite* but of it's own *name*, nor any means were left him to become one way *better* then his adverſaries, but by being another way *worſe*. Was the former an *Hypocrite*? He, leſt he ſhould be thought ſo too, will be *Openly* prophane. If the one will not *ſwear* or *kiffe* the *booke* when call'd to it by a *lawfull* Authority; the other to be *Croſſe* will *ſwear* a thouſand *Idle Oaths* againſt God's expreſſe *Command*. Thus betwixt them doe they labour to ſhow the world what a *Latitude* there is in *Atheiſme*.

I might to *these* very seasonably here adde a *third* person, one that has plaid his *Cards* so well, that he is neither *Lofer* nor *Winner* in this *Sad Game*. One, who (I am sure) has done as little *Good*; as he *thinks* he has done *hurt* to any body: who still makes a shift to lie *lurking* in some *hole* or other 'till the *sport* (as he calls it whilest it touches not him) may be over, so he can but *sleep* in an *whole* skin, and with a *full* purse, he takes no thought how the world goes: What my thoughts are of this *Quiet Soul*, I shall have told you sufficiently by saying thus much, he loves his *ease* and *safety* better then his *God*. If you desire to read him more at large, I must intreat you to cast your eye a little back, and with the *Provident*, *Prudent* or *Peaceable Gentleman* you will be sure to find him.

§. 9. *How Good English men such Gentlemen are.*

And now (Sir) how much reason the poore *Church* or *Kingdome* of *England* has to brag of her *Gentry*, I think I have abundantly told you. Her *richest Sons* doe not
alwaies

ies prove the most affectionate and Na-
ll to their *Disconsolate Mother*. But
ed daily aggravate her grieve and Sor-
by their prodigall courses and most Bar-
us behaviour. What do they lesse then
the ungratefull *Mule*, hourly kick at
paps which gave them *Suck*? And
the bloody *Tyrant* whose Character
as, to be a lump of dirt kneaded up toge-
in blood, they have torne out the very
els of a most Compassionate and Indul-
Mother. Our Church may very well
plain of some who would be thought
own Sons, as God of his ungratefull
ple of old, *She has brought up Children*
they have rebelled against her, and among
be sons she has nursed up, there is none to
her or lead her by the hand. When they
e full and waxen fat, then they forgas
; and now that some of them are leane
ugh, nay as the fat kine in *Pharaohs vision*,
i eaten up of the very leanest Cattell in
Nation; yet being so many waies smit-
they do but revolt more and more. It
be a mercy rather then a Judgment, if
I vouchsafe to smite them once again.
thus, whilest one is Ignorant and can doe
nothing,

nothing, another *Lazy* and *will* do nothing, a third *Cowardly* and *dare* do nothing: whilst one is so *Prudent* he thinks it not *wisdom*, another so *Covetous* he holds it not *providence*, a third so *Lordly* he accounts it *below* him to do any thing but what may foment his own sinfull inclinations: Whilst one is too *voluptuous*, another too *worldly*, a third too *ambitious*; whilst one has a *Wife*, another a *Farmer*, a third a *Dog*, and the fourth a *Pot*; It will ever either *misbecome* their *Dignity*, or *Crosse* their *Interest*, or *hinder* their *Calling*, or *Injure* their *Families*, or *thwart* their *Humours* (and indeed *there's* the *main let* of all the rest) to follow *Christ* or take care of his *Sponse*. God give them *grace* betimes to *love her* better in whose *armes alone* they can hope to be *safe* from the *roaring Lion*; and to abandon those *Dalitness* which so long as they *Court*, they can neither *love Her*, nor secure *themselves*! In a word, I shall put up for them a *short* prayer but a *full* one, if they *would* but understand it—*God make them all such as Gentlemen should be!* And what that is, I shall now endeavour, to the best of my skill, to tell you: though both for want of
Age

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Age and breeding, I must necessarily come as farre short of him I would describe, as I have been all this while *above* that other, whom our *Nation* had been more happy never to have *known*. The *Gentleman's* virtues are as much *above* my reach, as the *Gallants* braveries *below* his Imitation.



H

SECT. 3.





S E C T. III.

The True Gentleman.

§. I. *An Apologeticall Introduction.*

BEing now (Sir) to give you the *True Gentleman's* character, you might very justly expect to meet with *something* truly like the *Subject, High and Noble*. He is indeed too *sacred* a thing to be touch'd by so *Common* a Pen; every slip whereof can be deem'd no lesse then a *Prophanation* of his worth, who is the *live-liest* Image which God has left us of himselfe upon any of his *Creatures*. However, seeing where there is so *venerable* an *Excellency*, as all *Enccmium's* may be thought *Folly* and *Presumption*, so can *silence* be judged no lesse then a *Sacriledg*: seeing we use to *offer* unto *Heaven*, not so much — what we *owe* as what we *may*: I think it
much

much better becomes me to say that *little I can*, then just *nothing*; and to tell you, if not what the *Gentleman* is, yet at least so much of his *greatnesse*, as falls to *my share* to understand. I had much rather be censured for committing such a *pious error*, then be *Condemned* for the wilfull omission of so necessary a *duty*. I dare not suspect the *Gentleman's Goodnesse* to be of a lesse extent then *My Ignorance*; and therefore I doubt not but he can *pardon* as often as I through *weaknesse* shall offend. Where I erre, let him think it was the *brightnesse* of my subject which *dazled* my eyes, and occasion'd me to *stumble*. Where my expressions fall *low* and *flat*, I do beg of him, that he would impute it to that *Reverence* which I beare unto his *virtues*, which Commands my *Pen* to to keep it's *Distance*.

I hope you will not blame me for this *Apology*, for I would gladly *keep off* as long as I can, when I cannot *draugh nigh* without a necessity of *Erring*. Even in this short *Preamble* you may be pleased to read something of the *Gentleman's Character*; to wit, such a *Greatnesse* as Commands a *Distance* and *reverence*, and such a *Candor* as can

pardon a *failing*; and (which is indeed the summe of all I have to say) such a *Man* as is *truly* a *Gentleman*. Which *name* speaks all that bears a *Contrariety* to the *thing* we lately spoke of, whose very *name* is such a Compleat *Summary* of all *Vices*, that there is but *one* thing left to *Denominate* the *true* *Gentleman*; I mean, as absolute a *Combination* of all *virtues*. All which I can conferre to his *Character* will amount to no more then an *Imperfect* paraphrase upon his *Name*; and as much as I understand of this, take as followes.

§. 2. *His Generall Character.*

*scale
is of
culture* The *True Gentleman* is one, that is as much *more*, as the *false* one is *lesse*, then what to most he *seems* to be. One who is allwaies so farre from being an *hypocrite*, that he had rather appeare in the eyes of *others* just *nothing*, then not be *every thing* which is indeed truly *vertuous* and *noble*. He is a man whom that most *Wise King*, he best resembles, has fitted with a *Character*—*A man of an Excellent Spirit*. This is he whose *brave* and *noble Soule* sores so high above the *Ordinary*

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Ordinary reach of *Mankind*, that he seems to be a distinct *species* of himselfe. He scornes so much the *vices* of the *world*, that he will hardly stoop to a *vertue* which is not *Heroick*; or if he doe, it is by his good improvement of it, to make it so. He is one to whom all *honour* seems cheap, which is not the reward of *virtue*, and he had much rather want a name then not deserve it.

This *Gentleman* is indeed a Person truly *Great*, because truly *Good*; His *Honour* is of too excellent a Nature to be supposed the *Creature* of any thing besides his own *vertues*; and those *vertues* too *Eminent* to be esteemed lesse then the most refined actions of so great a soule. He is no lesse the *Glory* of *Mankind* then man the *Glory* of the whole sublunary *Creation*. One that would every way deservedly be accounted more then what is *humane*, were not one part of him *Mortall*; However it is his first care and endeavour to make this *mortall* part of him such, as may make it apparent to the world, how Great an *Excellency* may be the Companion of so much frailty.

Till he may be so happy as to enjoy the *Heaven* he hopes for, he does what he can to

be an *Heaven* to himselfe; and by his extraordinary pains, so *beautifies* his soule with all *Celestiall* accomplishments, that he needs only *die* to be in *Heaven*; and seems to want nothing of those *Glorious Spirits* which dwell *there*, but onely to be *without* a *Body* and as *high* as they.

He looks upon himselfe whilest in *this* world as no more then a *Probationer* in the *School of Honour*; and makes it his businesse so to *behave* himselfe at present, that he may be sure of an *admission* into that true *Honour* (when the *Day* comes) which will be as *certaine* and *Durable*, as *true* and *Great*: Well knowing that the onely way to be *Lord* of *Many* things, is to be *faithfull* in those *few* wherewith he is now intrusted.

His *Soul* is so truly *great* and *Capacious*, that nothing but an *Heaven* and *eternity* can fill it: So nobly *high* are all his thoughts, that he is ever aiming at a *Crown*: So *active* and *mounting* his Holy *Ambition*, that it disdaines to *perch* longer, then a *Breathing space*, upon the most exalted *spire* of all *Sublunary Glories*. He is so thoroughly sensible of the *Celestiall* Nature of his Soule, that

that (did he not think it one great part of his *Happinſſe*, to ſuffer any kind of *Miſery* in *Submission* to his God) he could not think his life leſſe then one *Continued torment*; and ſo long a *detention* here upon the *Earth*, a meer *reſtraint* and *Confinement* from all *Comfort* and *bliffe*.

As for the *Bleſſings* of this world, he looks upon them, as the *Child* ſhould doe upon his *fatchings* or his *Counters*, ſmall things indulged him for the recreation not the buſi-
neſſe of his ſoule. Yet (ſuch a *Good Houſe-
wife* is *Vertue*) he reaps no ſmall advantage to himſelfe, from theſe ſubordinate enjoy-
ments; which by their frequent *Conſennages* perſwade him the more to be in love with what's both more *precious* and more *uſefull*. Knowing that his *Manſion* is prepared in *Heaven*, he can eſteem the world no better then the handſome *frontiſpice* to that moſt *Glorious building*; where he beholds a great many *Fine flattering objects*, and pretty *Curioſities* both of *Art* and *Nature*; but all's no more then an *Eaſt* and kind *In-
vitation* to him to *Enter* in and poſſeſſe thoſe unſpeakably excellent *Manſions*, which theſe things ſo dimly *shadowed out* unto

his eye; these well-dressed Dainties which he enjoys here, he dares but taste at most, to prepare him an Appetite; he intends to feast himselfe in Heaven.

To give you the summe of what I think of him in the General; He is every way so much more then a man, that he is no lesse in all things then himselfe. One whose rarest Excellencies are such, as would make us believe his breeding had bin amongst the Angels in another world, rather then amongst Gentlemen here in this; and that he were onely lent us a while, an universall pattern for Mankind to Imitate. And to let us see how much of Heaven (if we will receive it) may dwell upon Earth. He is so refined from all Mixture of our Courser Elements, as if he were absolutely Spiritualized before his time; If ever he were proud of any thing, it was of being the Conqueror of that, and all other Vices. He scornes and is ashamed of nothing but Sin. He lives in the world as one that intends to shame the world out of love with it selfe: and he is therefore Singular in all his Actions, not because he affects to be so, but because he cannot meet with Company like himselfe to make him

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him otherwise. In a word, he is such, that (could we *want* him) it were *pitty* but that he were in *Heaven*; and yet I *pitty* not much his Continuance *here*, because he is already so much an *Heaven* to himselfe.

§. 3. *His Chiefe Honour and Dignity.*

His *first Honour* in this world, is to be borne the most *noble* of God's creatures here below; His *next* is to live one of his most *Obedient* and *laborious servants*, like those *above*: His *greatest* to *Die* his *beloved Son*, that so he may *reign* with him *for ever*. It was the *Honour* of his *Infancy* onely, to have *Noble Parents*; It is the *Honour* of his *riper yeares*, that he can *Imitate* their *Virtues*, and it will be the *Crown* of his *Old-Age* to be as good a *father* as his own. *Blod* and *Birth* then stood him instead, when his *tender* years had not yet render'd him *Capable* of *virtue* and *Worth*. When he comes to *Age*, He *Enters* upon his *Honour*, not as upon his *estate*, by the *will* or *title* of his *Ancestors*, but by the *claime* of his *merits*; looking upon it not as his *lot* or *Inheritance*, but as his *choise* and *purchase*. He has an *Especiall* care
that

that his *Honour* and his *Person* may both *live* and *Grow* up, but never *die* together. He accounts it much *below* a person of his *Quality*, to *owe* all that *Respect* which is *given* him when he is a man, to his full *Coffin*, or all the *Reverence* which is *paid* him when an *Old-man*, to his *Gray-haires*. But he *provides* for his *Honour*, that whatever *Respect* is *offered* him, may be esteemed a *Debt* and not a *Present*; and that his future *Goodness* may not be thought the *Product* of the *Old*, but rather an *Obligation* to *New* respects: Such he *Civilly* accepts when *paid* him, but *seldome* challenges when *de-lay'd* or *withheld*, so farre I mean, as they *Concerne* his *person*, not his *Office*. For though it be *one Honour* to *deserve*, yet is it *another* *Contentedly* to *want* them. He needs never *goe abroad* to *seek* *himselfe*, and therefore he *hearkens* with more *safety* to his *own Conscience*, then the *people's Acclamations*; and he had much rather *know* *himselfe Honourable*, then be *told* that he is *soe*.

His highest *Ambition* is to be a *Favourite* in the *Court of Heaven*; and to this end his *Policy* is to become not a *Great* but a *New Man*.



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Man: and to *dresse* up himselfe in all those *spirituall Ornaments*, which may make his soule truly *amiable* in the eyes of the *Great King*. He considers how that he owes himselfe unto God, as he is his *Creature*; and he endeavours to *discharge* that *Old debt*, by most earnest and importunate *suite* for *New favours*; ever praying that God would make him *fit* to *serve* him, by making him first a *New-Creature*. He Could never yet think the *Old-Man* fit to make a *Courtier of Heaven*; and therefore he uses to walke in his *white-Robe*, and his *Wedding-Garment*, that so he may be admitted into the *King's presence*. He furnisheth himselfe betimes with such *Apparell* as this, and he *fits* and *attles* it to his soule *before-hand*, knowing that the *longer* it is *worne*, the more *Splendid* it *Growes*, and the more it is *used*, the *longer* it will *last*; the onely way to *wear* it *out*, is not to *wear* it *at all*: but having once *attired* himselfe in this *Habit*, now *Every day* is with him an *Holy-day*, and he is henceforward *every where* at *Court*.

But that which he esteems his great *Honour* indeed, is this, that he can with *Confidence*, and truly, call God his *father*, His *Saviour* his

his friend and his brother, the Church his Mother, and the Angels his fellow servants. Such Parents, such kindred, and such Company he may safely boast of; but this he does no other way, then by his *Obedience* and *Gratitude*. He behaves himselfe as a King's son ought to doe, that is, he does nothing *unbecoming* his birth and Dignity.

§. 4. *His Out-side and Apparell.*

If we may spare so much time from the Contemplation of those richer Excellencies of his *inner man*, as to take notice of his *Out-side*, we may there behold the *Ingenious Embleme* of his *better selfe*: so much Good care he takes that there be nothing found about him, but what may speak him indeed a *Gentleman*: and present you (so farre as the Matter will bear it) with the faire picture of a *Noble Mind*. He would gladly so polish and adorne his body, as becomes the lodging of so great a Soul. He looks upon it as a thing onely so farre deserving his care and paines, as it is a necessary *Instrument*. of her *Operations*: and yet he rather could wish himselfe (might it so be) freed from the
Cumber-



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Cumberſome Company of his Fleſh, becauſe —
it proves often ſo great a *Clog* and *hinde-*
rance to the more *Active* and *vigorous* in-
clinations of his *better* part. So long as he
is *Confined* to his *Tabernacle of clay*, he makes
the *beſt* that can be made of a *Necceſſary E-*
vill: ſo feeding his *body* that it may have
ſtrength enough to ſerve his *Soule*; and ſo —
cloathing it, that the other part may be kept
from *freezing*, and fit for more *ſprightly*
actings. Indeed he never makes *much* of
his *Earthly* part, but in *ſubſerviency* to his —
Spiritual; that ſo he may the better, as he
is *Commaned*, *Glorify God both with body and*
Soul, which are his.

Hence is it, that you may alwaies obſerve
in his *Habit*, ſuch a *Gravity* as beſeems a —
Chriſtian; and yet ſuch a *Decency* as becomes
a *Gentleman*. He chuſes rather to have his
diſtinction from other Men founded in his
vertues then in his *Cloaths*. Herein he
ſhowes that he looks more after what's *ſer-*
viceable and *uſefull*, then what's *pleaſing* and
Faſhionable. So much *Curioſity* he has, as
not to be *Slovenly*; and ſo little, as it can-
not ſhow that he is *vaine* or *wanton*. He
had rather have his *Apparell Rich* then
Gaudy,

Gandy, and yet rather *warme* then *Rich*. **I** is *neatnesse* not *bravery*, a *Decent* not a *Googeous* attire, which, next unto what's *usefull*, he aimes at.

In every *suite* he buyes he hath as great a regard to the *poore* man's *necessities* as to his own *humour*, and makes choise of that — *Cloath* or *Stuffe* which may please *God* hereafter upon the *Beggar's* back, more then what he knowes may now flatter the wanton eye of the *World* upon his *own*. He has much better thoughts of *Vertue*, then to hope his *fine Cloaths* may gaine him a *respect* where *that* could nor; nay on the other side, he knowes that *Goodnesse* is enough of it selfe; to advance the *Ragge* above the *Robe*, and a *Leatherne Cap* above the *Golden Diademe*.

He Pitties the *unskilfull wantonnesse* of the world, which allwaies (as *Children* and *Fools* use to doe) sets an higher value upon the *Varnish* and the *gilded Frame*, then on the lively *features* and excellent *Art* in the rich *Piece* they adorne: and he calls it a *blindnesse*, at least, a *weak sight*, which cannot behold a *vertue*, but (as we do a *dull picture*) through the *Glistering Glasse* of *Vanity*. He esteems

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III

esteems his *penny* in the *Poor* man's *purse* a much greater *Ornament*, then a faire *Plume* in his own *Hat*. Neither knowes he how he may with a Good *Conscience* weare that, which might be made many a poore man's *livelihood* (as too many now love to doe) in a *Band* and a paire of *Cuffes*. He is more pleas'd to see his own *Cloaths* cover another's *Nakednesse*, then displaying his *lusts*: and thinks it more honourable to weare the *Charity* then the *Bravery*.

If his *Place* or *Office* challenge an *Habit* above his desires, by what he is forced to doe, he shewes what he *would chuse* to doe; and most lively expresses his *singular humili-ty*, in his *necessitated Gallantry*: showing how he can *Condescend* even to any thing, so it be *Innocent*; though by a *Conformity* contrary to his naturall *Inclinations*. And even herein he takes care to Provide himselfe such *Apparell*, that his *cast suite* (as we call it) may not be quite *cast away*: and to this end he chuses rather to swaggar it in *Gold* then *Tinsell*, in *Cloath* then *Stuffe*: that so it may be *sullied* before it be *torne*, and *unfit* for him to weare, before it be *worne out*; and then most becoming the *Poverty* and mean Condition

Condition of another, when it shall be below the *State and Dignity of his Place and Person.*

It is most certaine (and the Gentleman knowes it as well) that the *Temper and Disposition* of the *Soule*, is no way better *Discernable*, then through the *Habit and Garbe of the Body*: He that longs after *New fashions*, will not be backwards in embracing *New Religions*: both proceeding from one and the same dangerous *Principle*, an *inconstancy of mind*, and a *Desire of Novelty*. The *True Gentleman* knowes it by experience, that where there is no *levity in the thoughts*, there appears no *alteration in the Body*; where no *inconstancy and Pride of Soule*, there's no *change or flaunting in the cloaths*. And therefore that the world may know that he has a *fixed and resolved soule*; he has one *Constant Garbe and Attire*; and he will never yield that to be *out of Fashion*, which is both *Serviceable and Frugall*. Alas, the poore *Body* (he knowes) Desires nothing but what may preserve it *alive and in health*; It is the *lascivious Soule* which calls for all those other *Superfluities*; and the Gentleman accounts it below him to gratifie his *lusts*,
and



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and to be at so vast an expence to cloath his *Humour*. He could never, since he was a *child*, play with a *Feather*, or think himselfe happy in the *Glistering* of a *Lace* or *Ribband*. He leaves these *toyes* to those *silly Creatures* who are resolved to Continue for ever in their *Childhood* or *Infancy*, and dare be so *foolish* as to think a *bread band* and a *flaunting Guffe*, as necessary as *Heaven*. He can *think* himselfe a *man* without such a *vanity*; and *know* himselfe a *Gentleman* without any such *Mark* or *bravery*: alwaies wearing such *Cloaths*, as his *Body* may in *Old-age* have good reason to *blesse* the *moderation* of his *soule*; and the *Needy* may have no lesse cause to *pray* for the *health* of of his *body*.

§. 5. *His Discourse and Language.*

When you heare him *speak*, you will think that he intends no lesse, then to give you a *tast* of his *Soul* at every *word*: Nor indeed is it possible you should in any thing plainlier Discover the *Noblenesse* of his *Spirit*, then in his *sweet breath*, so *Divinely* moulded into most excellent *discourse*. Every
I word

word *he* speaks, speaks *him*, and gives you a faire *Character* at once both of his *Abilities* and his *Breeding*.

If you respect the *Quality* of his *Discourse*, it is *Grave* and *Noble*, *Serious* and *Weighty*; and yet alwaies rather what is fit
 — to be spoken, then what he is *able* to speak.
 His *Words* are most *Proper* and *Genuine*, but
 — not affected; His *Phrase* high and lofty, but not *Bombastick*; His *Sentences* close and full, but not *obscure* or *Confused*. His *Discourse* is neither *Flashy* nor *Flat*, neither *Boyish* nor *Effeminate*, neither *rude* nor *Pedantick*: It is alwaies *Sober*, yet *Ingenious*; *Virile*, strong and *Masculine*, yet *sweet* and *Winning*: He loves a *Smooth* expression, but not a *Soft* one: a *Smart* or *Witty* saying, but without a *Clinch* or *fingle*. His words are thole which his *Matter* will best beare, not such as his *Phancy* would readily est suggest. No poor halfe starved *jest*s, no drie *Inspid Quibbles* can get any room in his *Rhetorick*: hardly a word in all, but what hath it's *Emphasis*, nor any sentence without it's full weight.

If you would eye the *Quantity* of his speech, it is not *Long* but *Full*; not *Much*
 but

but *Great*: He speaks not *alwaies*, but when he speaks he saies *All*. He as often shewes how *well* he can be *silent*, as how *well* he can *speak*; and *others* alwaies love more to hear him talke, then *he himselfe*. He makes no lesse use of his *Eare* in all Companies, then of his *Tongue*; and by his serious *harkening* to the more *impertinent* discourses of his Companions, plainly proves he has no lesse *Patience* then *Rhetorick*. He makes it evident, that he has his *tongue* (that unruly *Beast* in most men's Mouthes) as much at his *Command*, as his *Wit*, and that he is able to make both *rest*, as well as both *move* at his pleasure.

His sayings are never *long* or *tedious*, but they alwaies reach *Home*, and he will very seldome take any thing lesse then a *Necessity*, for an *Opportunity* of speaking. But then usually he delivers all with that *facility* and *perspicuity*, as if his words were not the *elect* and *voluntary*, but the *ready* and *Naturall* emanations of his Soul. No *Passion* shall at any time more *Disturb* the *Order* of his words, then it can *Cloud* the *Serenity* of his forehead. He cannot make himselfe *merry*, much lesse *proud*, with his own

Inventions; nor does he ever catch at the applause, but aims at the *Edification* of his *Auditors*.

- If you will look upon the *Matter* and *Substance* of his Discourse; you shall see,
- 'tis alwaies what he *finds*, not what he *makes*:
Not what he supposes may afford the fairest
 - field for his *Phancy* and *Invention* to roave in; but the *Best Garden* of such choise fruits as the *Stomacks* (Not the *Palates* onely) of his *Company* shall be best able to *bear*: Or such as may prove most *Medicinall*, when seasonably applied to the severall *Diseases* of those that *bear* him: These he alwaies studies rather to *heal* then *Discover*, and yet rather to *Discover* then *Flatter*. Hence he often distributes amongst them the *Bitter* as well as the *Sweet*: and rather that which may *nourish*, then what may *please*.

- And yet here it is, if ever, that he acts the part of the *Tempter*: for he makes even the *Sourest* Apple (which he knowes to be
- *wholesome*) so pleasant to the *Eye*, that he forces such as need it, by a *Pious Fraud*, into a reall love of what *naturally* they most *hate*. Indeed the onely way which for the most part

part in *such* Company is left him, to prevent the *losse* of his *own* time, is to make *others* with whom he *Converses* *gainers* by his *Society*: and he does his utmost endeavour, that *every* one that heares him, may by what they heare, either *gaine* a *vertue*, or *lose* a *Vice*.

This is it, which makes him very careful to avoid, whatsoever might rationally be supposed *able* to *vitiate* either his *own* *Discourse* or the *Minds* of his *Auditors*. And very good reason he has to be more *cautious* in this respect than *other* men, seeing the most *Odious* vice from his *Language* would *gaine* so great a *Loveliness* as would probably make it one of the strongest *temptations*. But his *Rhetorick* has too *sweet* a face to be made the *Mother* or *Midwife* to any thing that has the *Monstrous* shape of *Sinne*: he should foully *Adulterate* so great a *Purity*, who should goe about to *match* it with any thing lesse then *Piety* and *Virtue*.

Obloquy and *Scurrility* are too *deformed* and *wryfaced* to gain any place in his *Affections*; He that is *able*, when he will, to *create* to himselfe a *Reputation* not inferior

to the highest, scornes as much, as he needs little to Rob any other man of his. His fingers are too clean to be fouled by throwing dirt in other mens faces. He is as much afraid to discover a Blemish in another man's eye, as he is to suffer a greater in his own; and will rather charitably condescend to lick out the Mote with his tongue, then deridingly to talke of it. He holds it too much below a man to imploy his Nayles in vexing an Old Sore, and scratching 'till he make a New one. He leaves it to Dogs and Ravens to prey upon Carrion. Alas, it is a very hungry wit, which is faine to feed upon such Nauseous Diet. Other Men's Infirmities, especially if Naturall or accidentall, are much more the objects of his Charity and Pity, then of his Merriment and Derision. He judges it a Cruelty proper to weaknesse alone to Murther the Sick; no true Ingenuity can be so Barbarous as to sport it selfe in the Misfortunes of the Miserable. He esteems that (as well he may) a meer Dwarfish wit which cannot tell how to show it selfe to the world but by trampling (and so advancing it selfe) upon the Reputation of others. It is a Barren Phancy, or at least has alwaies a very
Hard

Hard Labour, which can be *mother* to nothing but to what *Misfortune* must be the *Midwife*. The *True Gentleman* has both more *wis*, more *Honesty*, and more *Charity*, then to permit his *tongue* to be so *foolishly*, so *unworthily*, so *Tyrannically* busied.

Nor doth he lesse *abhorre* to come neere that filthy *Puddle* of *obscenity*; 'tis a *Sow* and no *Minerva* that can be for such nasty food. He never carried the *Goat's tongue* in the *Gentleman's head*, but wishes that all who do so would for ever use it as *Goates* doe, that is, continue allwaies *Mute*. All his discourses are as *Chast* as *faire*, and the sweet *Loves* in recitall whereof he so much pleaseth *himselfe* and all those *Good men* which heare him, are no other then those betwixt *God* and his own *Soul*.

He is too *just* to himselfe and his own *unusurped Majesty*, to suffer his talke to *flag* into an idle much lesse a *wanton* strain of *Drollery*: that's too *Plebeian* and *Vulgar* for a *Gentleman*, and *this* no lesse too *fool* and *Beastly* even for a *Man*: and he must be more then *both* these in every expression, a *Christian*. He cannot but with as much *wonder* and *astonishment* as *pitty* and *Compassion*,

sion, hear those *puny* Souls, which can invent no other Method of *Gracing* their Discourse, and make it *takeing*, but by a *Complacent* rehearfall of their own and other men's *uncleannesses*; nor can find *matter* for an *Houre's* talke, without being beholding for it to a *Mistrisse* or an *whore*; Or at best by *dresssing* up some Empty piece of *Folly* in *fine words*. Thus can they never be *merry*, but as *Children* use to be, with a *Baby* or a *Rattle*.

His Soul presently *boyles* up in a pious *Agony* within him, whensoever he heares a *vaine Oath* or any thing that sounds like *prophanesse*: He never mentions the dreadful name of *Almighty God*, but with that due *Reverence* both of *Soul* and *Body* which suits with it's *greatnesse*. He is too much the *friend* of *God*, and is every way too *neerly* *recluted* unto him, to heare him *Dis-honoured* with *patience*; or to suffer his

— *Name* to be made so *vile* and *cheap*, as to be used (as too Commonly it is) onely as an *Expletive particle* to prevent a *Chasme*, or make up a *Gap* in the *sentence*; or to make all run more *smoothly*.

He has the like Holy respect for *God's Word*

as

as his *Name*. He is too much in *love* with *Scripture* to see her prostituted to every *licentious Phancy*, and by an impudent *wresting* made the subject of every *Atheist* call wit. The *Gentleman* looks with a more *reverent* eye upon this *sacred Fountaine*: not as set open to be *troubled* and made *Muddy* by the *Wanton Goates*, but to *water* and *wash* the tender *Lambes*. He useth it further as a *wholesome Bath* for his *White Soule*, which will preserve her both *clean* and *whole*.

I should Injure the *Gentleman*, to dwell any longer upon his *Negative* vertues. Onely, this is an *Indulgence* given to our *Ignorance*, that we are allow'd to speak in the *Negative* of all *Great* perfections, and say what they are *not*, when we cannot, as we should, expresse what indeed they are. If you will heare what I have to say more of his Discourse in short, then know, that all his *words* are not onely the *pretty pleasing*, yet *Empty bubblings* of a *restlesse Phancy*, a *rageing lust*, or a *wanton and Frolick Humour*; But all of them the *Grave, weighty*, and *well proportion'd Breathings* of his *great* and *Holy Soul*.

§. 6. *His Behaviour and Civility.*

His whole *Behaviour* and *Carriage* is *Masculine* and *Noble*; such as becomes his *Heroick* spirit; and yet alwaies accompany'd with a wonderfull *Humility* and *Courtesy*. His *Body* is only made *straight*, and the more *it selfe*, not (as most men's are) *New-moulded* by *Art*: He has just so much of the *Dancing-School* as will teach him how to *laugh* at those that have too much. He has made more use of the *Vaulter* and *Fencer*, then the *Dancer*; for his desire was more to be a *Man*, then a *Puppet*, and to be a *servant* to his *Country* rather then his *Lady*.

If in things of *this* Nature he sometimes studies *another's* satisfaction more then his *own*, he will show how much he can be *more* then a man, not how much *lesse*, and how *Active* he can be, not how *Apish*. He so behaves himselfe, that by what he *does*, you may rather Conclude he *can* do *more* if he *will*, then that he *hath* done *all* he *can* do. In these, as in all things else of the like *Indifferency*, he manifestts his *greatest* power *there where* most men have the *least*, in *refu-*
sing

ing to doe, what he is sure would gain him the empty *Applause* of the *Multitude*: Though, so farre as he can judge the *sport* or *Recreation* *Innocent* and *lawfull*, he had rather manifest a *slighting* and a *disregard*, then an *hatred* towards them.

His *Complements* are not (as in others) the wild *extravagances* of a *Luxuriant Language*, but the *naturall* breathings of a sincere *kindnesse* and *Respect*; His *Civility* is alwaies one, with his *Duty*, his *Frindship*, or his *Charity*. A *Court-dresse* cannot bring him in love with a *Lie*; nor can he look upon a *Fashionable Hypocrisy* with a more favourable eye, then upon a *Glorious cheat*; He judges of all *Disimulation*, as in it selfe it is, for though in *Complement* the *Practice* of it may seem *Princely*, yet in its own *Nature* he knowes 'tis *Devillish*, and in the *Issue* will prove *Damnablen*. He *Scornes* to be *Sathan's Schollar*, though for so profitable a lesson: for it was *He* indeed was the first *Master* of this *Ceremony*; when he *Complemented* our first *Parents* out of their *Innocence* and *Paradice* at once; tickling their *Ambition* with this *High straine*—*Ye shall be like Gods*.

It

It is his care, that all the *Obedience* and *Honour* his *Inferiours* are obliged to render unto him, may seem no more then an *Imitation* of that he payes unto his *Superiors*: And that the *Courtesy* and *Civility* of his *equals* may be thought nothing else but the *reflection* of his towards them. But if anothers kindnesse chance to get the *start* in showing it selfe, he makes it appeare that his *Backwardnesse* proceeded not from any want of *Good-will* but *Opportunity*; and he endeavours to requite the *earlinesse* of his *friend's* *Courtesy*, by the *measure* of his own.

His *Inferiors* may behold in him how well *Humility* may consist with *Greatnesse*, and how great an *Affability*, *Authority* will admit of: By his *Practice* our *licentious* world might easily be convinced, that *Freedome* and *subjection* may dwell together like friends.

All his *words*, and all his *Actions* are so many *Calls* to *vertue* and *Goodnesse*, and by what he himselfe is, he shewes others what they ought to be. If *Heaven* were such a thing as stood in need of an *assistant* Temptation (which a man would almost believe when he sees how little men love it for it selfe)

selfe) certainly it would make choise of the *Gentleman* as the *loveliest baite* to draw others thither, were not the Generality of Mankind grown so *stupid* in their sins, as to fall in *love* with *Hell*; were they not *infatuated* even to a *Confidence* in those *vanities*, which are *worse* then *nothing*, and *besotted* into a *sensuality* below what's *Brutish*; who would not make *hast* to *Heaven*, were there no greater *Happinesse* then the fruition of such a *Companion* as is the *true Gentleman*?

And truly thither with all *speed* he must resolve to go that intends to enjoy him *long*, for he makes too much *hast* to that *place* of *happinesse*, to stay *long* by the way. Such *Good men* indeed are *soon taken away*, and this is so little *laid to heart* by us, that we have great reason for our own sakes to fear, that *they are taken away from the Judgments yet to come* upon this *sinfull and Rebellious Nation*. The world growes so thin of such as he, that we may too truly now say he is but *one* of a *thousand*, and then 'tis no lesse then a *thousand* to *one* that very shortly whosoever would *find* him, must go to *Heaven* to *seek* him. And indeed it were an
high

high injury to perswade him to a longer stay here, except we would assure him of our Company thither at last.

§. 7. *His Inside.*

It is now time to take a short view of his *Inside* and it must indeed be a very *short* and *Imperfect* one; for you cannot but imagine what would be the unfortunate event, if such *weak eyes* as mine are, should gaze too long and intently upon the *Glorious* body of the *Sun*. I shall onely therefore be so officious to such (if any such there be) as need my help, as to set open the *windowes* for them, the *Sun* (I am sure) will shine in of it selfe. And truly his *rayes* dart in soe thick and fast upon us, we shall hardly know which to take notice of first: An *understanding* here we meet withall, so *clear* and *unclouded*; a *Will* so *regular* and *uncorrupted*, *Affections* so well *refined*, so *orderly*, and *uninterested*. that 'tis wholly evident, that as *Nature* found *Materials*, and *Education* built the *House* and set all in *Order*; so do *Religion* and *Morallity* Governe within, and betwixt them keep all *clean* and *handsome*.

His

His *vertues* seem to be so much the *Necessary* and *Natural* Emanation of his most *Active* and *boundlesse* soul, that he is in danger by being altogether *Good* to lose the *praise* and *honour* due to so *eminent* a *Goodnesse*: If he could *Leave off* to be *vertuous*, the world might then seem to have some *excuse* for being *vicious*. But his *Goodnesse* is too *absolute*, to grow out of *love* with it selfe, and too *knowing* to lie *obnoxious* unto such a *cheat*, as to part with her *own* face in exchange for the *fairest* of *Vices*. I wish the world would *forbeare* to love *Vice*, till he begin to *forsake* *vertue*; and that all our *Gentry* would endeavour to be like *him*, till he become like *them*, or *esteem* any thing truly *Noble*, which he cannot *prove* to be really *Good*.

As for his *Intellectuall* Excellencies, so farre as he owes them *purely* and *Immediately* to *God* and *Nature*, I think it not fit so much as to touch any further upon them; lest I should not beare up *even* in that great *variety*, wherein they are distributed among the *many* *Individuals*; *God* having *proportion'd* them out unto the *severals* in so *different* a measure, as nothing but his own
Infinite

Infinite wisdom can give a *particular* reason of it. Onely this I may safely say, that whatsoever his *talent* is, the Gentleman *Digs* not in the *Earth* to *hide* it; but *traffiques* with it, till *Art* and *Industry* have Brought in an *Encrease* some way proportionable to the *Stock* of *Nature*: at least that degree which may intitle him to the *Fudge* of his Lord; and the Glorious *welcome* of a *Good* and *faithfull* *Servant*. He makes use of *God's Bounty*, not as a *Warrant* for his *sloath* or an *Indulgence* to his *Idleness* but as a *Spurre* and *motive* to a *grateful* *Care* and *Industry*: Not as a *treasure* to be *prodigally* *spent*, but a *stock* to be *thriftilly* *husbanded* and *Improved*: He accounts it a thing most unworthy in a *Gentleman*, to be an *Ilhusband*, especially where the *treasure* is *God's*, and he but his *Steward*; yet such a *steward*, as has the *use*, as it were of his Lord's *purse* for his *Encouragement*.

His *acquired* *Intellectuall* *accomplishments*, are too *numerous* and *various* to be here characterized, something must be said of them hereafter in his *study*, though but very little; for I chuse rather to *insist* upon
what

what Denominates him *Good* and *Noble*, then *Great* and *knowing*: for though the latter be *usefull* and *excellent*, yet the former are more *praiseworthy* and *Necessary*.

§. 8. *His Command over himselfe.*

His *Will* and *Affections* he makes the *Instruments* and *servants*, not the *Guides* and *Mistresses* of his *Soul*. He subjugates His *Will* unto *Reason*, and *this* to *Religion*, and and by this means it comes to passe that he never misses of having his own free *Choice* in all things. He both *Doth* and *Hath* what he *will*, because he never *wills* but what is according to *reason*, nor thinks any thing *Reasonable* but what's *honest* and *Layfull*: thus by making *God's will* his *own*, he is never *Croft* in his *desires*.

Thus he exercises the *first* and *main* act of his *Authority* at *home*; and that he may be more *expert* in *Governing* others, he first *practises* upon *himselfe*; and learns to *command* his *Inferiour* *Soul*. He will not *submit* in the least to the *Tyranny* of a *Passion*, nor hearkens he further to the most *tempting* *Suggestions* of his *Sensitive* part, then

he sees that *subject* to the *grave* and *sober* dictates of its lawfull *Emperesse Right Reason*. His *Affections* when prepared and fitted by an *unprejudiced Judgment* for his service, he delaies not to put into *exercise*, but imployes them as so many *wings*, whereon his soul may be Carried up *above* the reach of *Vulgar* men. It would be too great an *Indulgence* in him, to suffer his *Passions* to be their own *carvers*, and *chusers* of their own *objects*: for these beeing the *Naturall Daughters* of his *untamed sensitive Appetite*, have too much of their *mother* in them, to be *discreet* in their choise; like *wanton* and *imprudent* Girles, they would pitch upon the *fairest* rather than the *best*, and more labour to *flatter* the *Sense*, then obey the *Reason*: As their *Lord* and *Soveraine*, therefore he *appoints*, and *Reason Cuts* them out their work, and *assignes* every one it's proper taske; and by this means at length they become the *Beauty, ornament* and *strength*, which otherwise had naturally been, the *Blemishes, Disorders, and Infirmities* of the Man.

He desires in all things to be *above* the *world*, that's his *Ambition*; and therefore he *sets* his *Affections* on things *above*, and *points* them

them out the way to *Heaven*, that's his *prudence*. The soule without them would be *lame* and unable to goe; and they without it's eye of *Reason*, are *blind* and know not which way to goe: but (as the *Cripple* upon the *blind man's* back) let but the *judgment* direct them in the *right* path, and then they will carry the *soul* to *Heaven*. The *Gentleman* is too much a *Man* to be without all *Passion*, but he is not so much a *Beast* as to be governed by it.

In this *Moderation* and *Empire* over himselfe, where he gives *Law* to his *Affections*, and limits the extravagances of *Appetite*, and the insatiable cravings of *sensuallity*; the just rule he goes by is not *Opinion* but *knowledge*; not that *leaden* one, which is so easily bent and made *Crooked*, or melted and dissolved by the heat of *Passion*, or the arts of *Sophistry*, into *error* and *Skepticisme*; but that other *Golden* one, which lies as close and firme, as 'tis made *straight* and *even*. When he would imprint the true loveliness of any *Object* upon his affections, he takes it into a true *light*, and has a care to remove from before his eye all those *Cunningly* wrought *Glasses*, or other instruments of *Sathan* and

all his *actions* that they beare a just proportion to the largesse of his *thoughts*; and permits him to engage in nothing which is not truly *Honourable*. And it is this same *Virtue* which makes his own *Bosome* his *Treasury*, and therefore rich and self-sufficient, that all the *externall* felicities this world has or can cast in to the *Bargain*, are look'd upon by him with as slender a regard, as the *Widowes Mite* would have been by the great *Lord of the Temple*, without a large *Augmentation* from her *Piety* and *Devotion*. It is this *Virtue* which makes him a *Calm* in his own *breast* when the whole world besides rages like a *troubled Sea* round about him. Let the *storme* and *tempest* threaten never so loudly a *splitting* and a *wrack* to other *unballanced* souls; he knowes not how to fear, whilest his *Courage* is his *Anchor*, and *Innocence* his *safe Harbour*. This is it which makes him conclude their *Labour* very ill spent, who for the cherishing of a *Childdish* humour, use to *sweat*, and *Consume* their *strength* and *Spirits* in pursuit of a *Fether*; or *strain* their *backs*, to take up every *straw* that *Glisters* in their way. It ought to be a much *Nobler Game* then such

she deservedly enfranchised into a *vertue*, and so becomes at length her *Lord's Mistrresse*; and 'tis she will get him a *reward* for his service in *Heaven*.

§. 9. *His Magnanimity and Humility.*

There is a Brave *Heroick Vertue*, which is as a *second soul* unto the true *Gentleman*, and *Enspirits* every part of him, with an admirable *Gallantry*; I mean, *Christian Magnanimity* and *Greatnesse of Soul*. This presently heaves him up to that *size* that the wide *world* seems too *strait* and *narrow* to contain him, or afford *room* enough for him to expresse the *activity* of his *Spirit*. This is it which teaches him to laugh at *small things*, and disdain to goe *lesse* than his *Name*. Being carried up on *high*, upon the wings of this *Vertue*, he casts *down* his eye upon those *little Happinesses*, which seem enough to satisfy the *Narrow Souls* of other men, with no little *Contempt* and *Scorne*: but on those poor *starvelings* themselves, whose *Earthly Appetites* can make such *trash* their *Diet*, with as much *Pitty* and *Compassion*. It is this *Vertue* which so *ennobles* all

great, that many may reap the benefit of it's growth, by partaking of it's branches. And such a *Clond*, as at first might appear but of an *hand breadth*, will suddenly make a *Nation* happy in that refreshing dew, which by it's *plenty*, will argue a strange increase after so *small* an appearance. Indeed the *Gentleman* acts as if he intended, that his *soul* should in a short time *animate* the *Universe*, and make it more then ever the poor *Philosopher* could dream of, *One great Gentleman*; and the severall *Individuals* therein but the numerous *members* of his own body. Though the *indocile* and *untractable* spirits of the *Common* sort of men be such as *force* him against his will to be *singular*; yet to show us how *unwilling* he is to remain so, his *vertues* are too *charitable* to be long alone: and hence are all his *Breathings* such, as might well be thought intended by him to *inspire* his Company with something like himselfe; and all his *Actions* so many earnest *Essayes* towards the *assimilating* of their *Natures* unto his *own*. He is Master of so *inexhaustible* and *Miraculous* a treasury of *Goodnesse*, that he may very well afford every man a little and yet keep all unto himselfe.

He



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He knowes not how to *be* good ; and not to *doe* good , and therefore one halfe of his study is to *give himselfe* away. Neither his *breſt* nor his *purſe* are ever *ſhut* to ſuch as *need* him, and (God knowes) more *need* him, then will make *uſe* of him.

The *Gentleman* may well be Compared unto a *Great Book*, which alwaies lies wide *open* to the world ; that whoſoever wants *advice* or *Counſell*, may freely *Conſult* him at pleaſure : there they may *read*, what himſelfe, as opportunity ſerved him, has taken great pains to *Coppy out faire* in all his *Actions*, whatever is both *ſafe*, *great*, and *Good*; thus in *one* and at *once* they may behold both the *rules* of a *Good life*, *Pracept* and *Example*.

Nor doth this *virtue* more manifeſt it ſelfe in a liberall *distribution* and *Inſtruction*, then in as *free* and *Impartiall* a *Correction* and *reprooſe*, whenſoever it is requiſite, chuſing much rather to *croſſe* the *humour* of his *friend*, then flatter his *vice* ; and to loſe his *friendſhip* here, then his *Company* (if it may be poſſible for him to have it) in Heaven another day. He is not *afraid* to call every Man by his *own* name, or adde the *Epithete* which

which is due unto it; that so every that comes into his presence, may be a to bring a *bad name* along with him. can *envy* no man because he cannot see one *better* then himselfe; neither yet — he *despise* any man, because he really *de* every one might be as good as himselfe.

So that, what's most of all Commend: this most excellent *virtue* is accompa with a most exemplary *humility*; and t is nothing can more deservedly *exalt* in the thoughts of *all* men, then this, tha is such a *Diminutive* in his *own*. Nor this proceed from an *Ignorance* of his *excellencies*, but rather hence, that he *kn* whence he *had* them: Neither does he th fore *præferr*e every man in *Honour* be himselfe, because he knowes not what *men are*, but because he knowes not w they *may* be. He is really so *high* tha may with ease *reach* Heaven, but he *m* himselfe so *low* that he may go in at *strait gate*. When he looks upon his c — *virtues* (which he had rather *show* then and *have* then *show*) he will not think th *great*, because he intends to make them much *Greater*; neither can he tell how
appl.

applaud himselfe when he sees them great, because he knowes well how little he either made or deserved them. It is this vertue that makes him much more desire the friendship of a vertuous Beggar, then the favour of a vicious and licentious Prince; because this he must assuredly lose, seeing he knowes not how in a Compliance to his humour to become wicked; but that shall never end, but last as long as his Heaven. He chuses his Companions not by the outward habit of their Body, but that internall of the Soul; and sets an higher value on them for their Merits then their Births. He is so little proud of what he is, that he is indeed very humble for what he is not. He will never be persuaded (as most of those we call Gallants doe) to pride himselfe in his Vanity, Boast of his folly, and Glory in his Prophanesse.

§. 10. *His Charity and Temperance.*

The Gentleman's Charity, is no other then his Soul draw'n out to his finger's ends. Every piece of money he hath, beares as well the Impression and Image of this Vertue, as that of his Prince; and this is it which makes him

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him value the *Coyne more*, and the *Silence*. He is indeed that true *Brimstone*, which has as many *hands*, as he meets with *receivers*: and for this cause he is look'd upon as a *Monster* in these later dayes, and very rarely to be met with.

The course he takes to *ayre his Bags*, and keep them from *moulding*, is to *distribute* freely to *all* that are in *need*. If he take some pains to become *richer* then others, it is onely to put a *cheat* upon that which men miscall *Fortune*, and to manifest he hath a *power* as great as her's; that is, to make himselfe *poor* again at his pleasure, and to show that *Charity* can entertain as *rich* servants as *she*. Though God hath indulged him the *priviledge* and *inheritance* of an *Elder brother* in the world, yet he wisely *Considers* that the *youngest* of all may in equity challenge a *Child's portion*. He esteemes it a very high *Honour*, that God has vouchsafed to make him one of the *Stewards* in His great *Family*: and he is nothing *ambitious* of his *Epithete* to his *Name*, or reward of his pains who is recorded in the *Gospell* for his *Injustice*.

When by *giving* to the *poor*, he *lends* to the

the Lord, the Honour of being the Lord's Creditor is all the Interest he expects; and doubtlesse this Happinesse is not every man's, to have God his Debtor. He accounts it much the safer way, to trust his Charity then his Luxury with the Bag; the former will bring in an even reckoning in Heaven; the latter perhaps a jolly one in the Taverne, but a very sad one in Hell. He delights not to see any thing starve but his Lusts, he lets these crave without an Answer, and die without Compassion. I would to God, there were many in the world such as he, we should then see fewer Beggars, and more Gentlemen. Men's backs and Bellies would not then so frequently rob and undoe their souls: Now adayes, the Gentleman's cloaths wind about his Body, and his Body about his Soul, with no greater kindnesse, then the twining Ivy about the Oake; the Apparell sucks away the nourishment which is due to the Body, and this that other which we owe to the Soule.

Where he is not able to make his Estate adequate to his deserts; he takes a better Course, and Levels his desires to his fortune: though he seldome have all that he deserves, yet.

yet he *alwaies* has whatsoever he *Covets*. He never wants *much* of that which is *needfull*, because he *enjoyes* all that he is in *love* with. He makes his *life* and *health* not his *Estate* or *ambition* the *standard*, his *Reason* and not his *Humour* the *judge* of his *Necessities*.

Such is his *Temperance* and *Sobriety* in the use of those *Creatures*, of which by *God's blessing*, he is made *owner*; that he *sacrifices* very *much* to his *God* in the *reliefe* of the *Indigent*, *nothing* to *sin*, in satisfying the importunate cravings of his *Carnall lusts*. Above all, he is *ashamed*, when *Fortune* hath used him very *hardly* and spoil'd him of many opportunities of exercising his *Bounty* and his *Charitie*, to permit his *lusts* to use him yet *worse*, and leave him *nothing* at all. He scornes *first* to *swaggar* and *swill* away his *estate*, and *then* *Curse* his *fortune* for using him so *roughly*; *first* to *make* himselfe a *Beggar*, and then *cry out* upon his *poor* Condition; or to *Complain* he is *as poor as Job*, when every day he *fares as Deliciously as Dives*. When he has the *least*, he shewes that he is able to live with *least*; and when he is brought into a *low* Condition,

tion, he tries how he could bear up in a *lower*; and proves by his *cheerfulness* in that some would call *want* and *Misery*, that *Happiness* does not Consist in *superfluities*. He is *Content* with *any* thing, and by this means *enjoys all* things; and is so *Charitable* of a *little*, that it is evident in that *little* he *wants* not *much*.

He chuses rather to be *well* in the *Morning*, then *drunk* over *night*; and at any time had rather be *free* from the *Sin*, then *please* his *Companions* with the *Frollick*. His *Money* is too *little* to *love*, but too *much* to *throw away*: and he had much rather *give* it then *lose* it; preferring his *charity* before his *Game*; and the *poor man's life*, before his own *Wantonness* and *Riot*: Though he had never so *much*, he could never have *more* then *enough*; because he sees so *many* that *want* what *he* has, and *pitties* all he *sees* in *want*. He looks upon his *estate* as that which was given him for *use* and not for *wast*; and

§. II. *His Valour and Prudence.*

Having spoken already of the Gentleman's *Magnanimity*, I shall need to add very little of his *Valour*; which he exercises more in *Obeying his God*, then *Opposing his Brethren*. His highest piece of *Fortitude* is that whereby he *Conquers himselfe* and his *sin*; and in this he is alway *practising*. He knowes that by thus becoming his *own Captive*, he shall not want the *usage* of a *Gentleman*; and thus being made his *own Lord* too, he is sure to be *free* from all the *world* besides. He looks upon it as the basest degree of *Cowardice*, to yield unto those *feeble Passions*, which, did not both *Reason* and *Religion* step into their *Succour*, would certainly become the *prey* of every *light* and *Emptie* toy. His *Christian Fortitude* is such, that he fears not to *Encounter* the *Great Goliath* of *Hell*, or an whole *Army* of such *Philistins* as have set themselves in array against his *Happinesse*, all at once: not though they be such, as by their *Cunning* have already got *within* him: He never gives over *Resisting the Divell* till he have
put

put him to flight. He hath that greatest *Courage* which is so rarely found in others, who would be call'd *Gentlemen*, he dares be *Religious* in spite of the *World*. He sets himselfe, without betraying the least *timidity*, against that great *Bugbeare*, which so scares most men not onely out of their wits but out of all good actions, *Shame*, or *Derision*. These are they which, as the *Elephants* in King *Pyrrhus* his Army terrified the *Romans* with their prodigious *Bulk*, do so affright the greatest part of our *Gentry*, that they never leave flying till they tumble into the *Bottomlesse Pit* together. The *True Gentleman*, like the stout *Minucius*, has by experience proved these *Monsters* to be of more *Bulke* then *Mettall*, and to want nothing but an *Adversary*, to bring them into *Subjection*.

The true Gentleman has so much true *valour*, as not to fear the brand of a *Coward*, where his *Courage* would be his *sin*, and his *Conquest* his *ruine*. He is ever the *fugitive* in such a *chase*, and dare boast of nothing but being *routed*. 'Tis then alone he *fears* not *Death*, when he is sure there is no *Hell* will follow it. His *life* is more dear to him, then

that he should be Content to part with it for any thing *lesse* than *Heaven*. He has an *Honour*, and that's his *Religion*, a *Mistresse* too to vindicate and defend from all injuries and affronts, and that's his own *Soul*: For the sakes of *these two* he is engaged in many a *Duell*, with those *Herèsies* and those *Sins*, which would *stain* and *Corrupt* the one, or *steal* away and *deflower* the other.

He thinks that *Honour* too *dear* which must be *bought* with a *Murther*; and a *Name* which is never to be *worne*, but by his *Monument*, none of the *cheapest*, when *purchased* with his *life*. He has much *Honester* thoughts of his *Mistresse*, then to think her such a *Proserpine*, that either *he* or his *Rivall* must be sent to *Hell*, before either can enjoy her.

There is indeed a *Beauty*, for which the *Gentleman* thinks it no *losse* to *die*; but such an one as is often *black*, though alwaies *lovely*: I mean, his own *Mother* and his *Saviour's spouse*; the *Church of God*: and there is an *Honour* which he holds *cheap* enough when bought with the high *price* both of *Life* and *Livelihood*, though (if he might have his choise) he had rather *pre-*
servi

serve both to maintain it, then lose either to purchase it, Loyalty to his Prince, and Fidelity to his Country: For these he does not fear to Embrace a Stake, to make the Scaffold his Bed, and a Block his Pillow; seeing he is assured, that whosoever thus lies down to rest at night, shall without faile rise again to Glory in the Morning. He holds it much more desireable to live a Beggar, then to die a Traytor: And that his Honour and Conscience should expose him to Tyranny and Violence, then his Treachery or Hipocrisy buy out his temporall security. He thinks it no great matter to trust that God with his Person and his Family, who hath trusted him with his spouse and his Children.

Hence is the Gentleman's Prudence, the Legitimate Daughter of Loyalty and Conscience, not the Bastard of Covetousnesse and Cowardice; 'tis mixt of Discretion and Wisdom, not Craft and Knavery. He was never yet so blindly zealous, as to worship a Golden Calfe for a God, that so he might keep his Chest from being broken open: Nor was he ever so absolute a Statesman, as to call Rebellion Reformation, for fear of Pover-

ty or an *Halter*. His naturall affection to *wife* and *children* is such that he would enjoy them *for ever* in happinesse ; and therefore his care is *so* to part with them *now*, that he may meet them again in *Heaven*, not in *Hell*, hereafter : His whole *Policy* is to avoid an *eternall*, though by incurring a *temporall*, misery. Such a *Politician* onely he thinks fit for *Heaven*, that hath *prudently* managed his *Lord's* affaires upon *Earth* ; he cannot call him either a *prudent* or a *faithfull Ambassador* , who prosecutes his *own* designe with more earnestnesse then his *Master's* ; or acts more vigorously for the advancement of his *own* particular *Interest*, then the *Publick Good*, or his *Prince's Honour*.

It is his *Prudence* to secure what's *best*, by the *losse* of what's *Indifferent* , whensoever he is *necessitated* to part with *one* of the *two* ; and he chuses rather *freely* to part with *that* which he is only *sure* once to *lose*, and by that *losse* become eternally *happy* ; then to *throw* away *that* which in spight of *violence* he might for ever have *kept*, and can never part with, without his utter *ruine*: If *tares* must spring up amongst the good *Corne* in that *field* wherein God has intended him a
labourer,

Labourer, he had rather show by his *activeness* that they were not sowne whilest he slept; then by a *covetous laziness* give the *Enemy* an opportunity of Compassing his designs; or occasion the disheartening of his *brethren*, by withdrawing *his* shoulder, and leaving them *alone* to beare the *burthen* in the *heat* of the *Day*. He can think it a greater *prudence* with the *Disciples* of his *Lord*, to leave his *Father* and his *Net*, to follow a *Saviour* through *Persecution* into *Heaven*; then with the *Carking Fool*, to lie modelling out a *Barne* which may contain his *wealth*, and in the mean time suffer his *Soul* to be stolne out of his *Body* by the sedulous craft of the *seducer*.

§. 12. *His Behaviour in both Fortunes.*

If *Fortune* smile upon him, and be indeed such as he dare call her *Good*, he makes it his businessse to be altogether as good as she; and will be sure as well to *deserve* as to *wear* her *Livery*. His care is that her good usage of him may be rather deem'd the just reward of his own *Moderation* and *Good-Husbandry*; then the unmerited *Bounty* of so

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blind a Mistresse. He makes his *Prosperity* — a motive to his *Piety*, not (as others) the opportunity of displaying his *Vanity*. He proves by his example, that he most happily enjoys the *World*, that Glories left in the enjoyment of it. He looks upon his present flourishing Condition, rather as that which is not without ingratitude to be refused, then with egerneſſe to be desired; and upon what he now poſſeſſes, as that which he knowes not how ſoone he may loſe; and therefore he makes himſelfe now ſo careleſſe an owner, that (if the wind chance to turne) he may prove a cheerefull and Contented loſer. He dares not Phancy himſelfe one jot the neerer Heaven, for being thus mounted on the Deceitfull wings of *Fortune*, left when the contrary wind of *adverſity* diſmounts him, and his unexpected fall awakes him from his pleaſant dreame; he ſhould find himſelfe to be really as low, as he was before but ſeemingly high. If *Fortune* be content to lodge with him as his gheſt, ſhe is welcome; But he cannot be ſo dotingly enamour'd of her, as to entertain her, either as his wife, or his Harlot; left either an untimely divorce ſhould break his heart, or ſhe ſhould

should bring a *Bastard* for a *Son*, and so at length *shame* and *disgrace* him. He can neither so farre *flatter* her as to call her *Goddesse*, which he knowes of her selfe to be no more but a *name*; nor so farre *Honour* her as to *aske* her *blessing*, because he knowes that whatsoever *Goodnesse* men are apt to ascribe unto her, is but one of the *meanest* blessings of a *Greater* then *she*. Laugh she never so heartily, her *pleasantnesse* shall never *overjoy* him, seeing (for ought he knowes) she either does or may ere long laugh at him; and if she *Frown*, he can frown as fast as *she*, and that for her *kindnesse*. He never *relies* upon her, because he knowes she is naturally so *unconstant*: nor can he see any reason why he should be *proud* of being her favourite, because he may every where behold many of the most *undeserving* altogether as much in her *Favour* as himselfe.

To speak the whole, the *true Gentleman* hath so slight an esteem of *Fortune*, that he cannot vouchsafe her the *Honour* of a *Becoming*, but leaves that to those poor *Heathens* who were indeed as *blind* as they supposed her to be. Whatsoever *blessings* he enjoyes

he received them, as indeed they are, as the bounties of an indulgent father, with thanks and love; and he useth them to that end, for which he supposes so Good and Prudent a father would bestow them on a Beloved Son; so that he may make them as much Instruments of his own Good, as they are testimonies of his father's affection. He looks upon his Prosperity, not so much as a reward for doing well, as an encouragement to do more, and an opportunity of doing better: Much lesse can he think his flourishing condition, as many seem to doe, a piece of Heaven's flattering Courtship, where no more is intended, then the affording him an opportunity of pampering up his lusts, and making himselfe a Glorious sinner. Seeing he has already received so bountifull a reward for doing so little, he accounts it a shame for the future not to make himselfe a fit object for a greater, by doing both more and better. Such an Ingenuous Spirit hath the Gentleman, that he thinks every reward for what's past, an obligation to future good services; and he had rather wait with patience for all his arreares together, then ever be thought to have received the last payment here.

If

If it be his lot to groan out his daies under the heavy pressures of *affliction*: he is not like the Inconsiderate *Drunkard*, who in the morning after his *double Intemperance* in *drinking* and *sleeping*, complaineth that his *head akes*, and begins to *Curse* his *Pillow*, and his *Bed-maker*, for his want of ease; forgetting to turne that *sinne* out of doores which occasion'd all this the day before: Nor like a *Wretched* and *Impenitent Malefactor*, who when he is hurried away to a just *Execution*, does nothing but cry out upon the *hard-heart* of his *Judg*, and the *Rigour* of the *Lawes*; *Cursing* the *Executioner*, but forgetting to *repent* him of the *Murder* or the *Robbery* which brought his *Body* into the hands of *this* executioner, and will, unrepented of, deliver his *Soul* into the farre lesse mercifull of *another* hereafter: But like a *Naturall* and hopefull child, he seriously Considers his own *Errors*, which provoked his father thus to *Chastise* him; and so by *stroking* the hand, and *kissing* the Rod, and humbly *begging* pardon for his offence, he sets his father's affections, which before he had *turn'd aside*, not *lost*, into their own proper *Channel* again.

He

He looks upon his *Afflictions* with one eye, as *Corrections*, and so blames himselfe for the *Occasion*, but blesteth God for the *Charity*; with the other, as *Tryals*, and so makes it his care that he come not all *Drosse* out of the *Furnace*. The same Fire which *Consumes* others, doth but *refine* his soul, and separating from it, the more grosse and *Terrene* Mixtures, makes it the fitter for Heaven. He grudges not to undergoe the *Winnowing*, so he may be sure to loose the *Chaffe*, and be made all *wheat*, such as his Lord may think fit to receive into his *Garner*. He is ashamed to think that God should lose his paines, and the more he *thrashes*, find onely more *straw* but lesse *Corne*: rather, like good grain from the *Mill*, he comes forth from the *grinding*, more in *measure*, purer in *Colour*, and readier for *use* and *service*. Though a *Brjar* or a *Thorne*, may *scratch* or *prick* his *heel* a little, in his way to Heaven, and draw a little *uselesse* blood; though he may sometimes be so *intangled* in the *Brambles*, that he may be forced to part with something of his *fleece*, and perhaps so much of the *skin* too, as may make it *smart* a while; Yet has he

too high a soul, to fall so much within the reach of these *Creeping* brambles, as to receive from them the least *Scratch* in his face. He alwaies carries an *head* as erect as his hopes are high; and takes great care that neither his *Religion*, his *Honesty*, nor his *Honour* be made to suffer by it.

He dares not make either a *Base Compliance* with the vices of his persecutors, the refuge of his *Cowardice*; or the wings of the *Potent*, by bribing their *Ambition* with *Flattery* and *Diffimulation*, his *Sanctuary* of protection. He will not attempt the lightning of his sufferings by a voluntary casting any part of his estate into the devouring Treasury of the *Churches Enemy*; nor hope to appease the wrath of a displeased God, by bringing an *oblation* to the *Avarice* of his oppressors; neither doth he essay to drown his sorrows in the *Bottom* of his Cup: But he flies, and takes *Sanctuary* at the *Hornes* of the *Altar*: and by a *Magnanimity* which becomes a *Gentleman*, shewes that true *Honour*, is a *Jewel* indeed, such as will not break with the *Hammer*: His *Religion*, like the *Flint*, never so much discovers those Holy fires of *zeale* and *devotion*, which were
not

not before so apparent, as when it most experiences the violence of the hardest Steels: And his Innocence is so perfectly Malleable, that the more you beat it, the broader it growes. In short, the Gentleman carries himselfe so evenly betwixt these Contrary windes, that he is neither shaken by the one, nor puff'd up with the other: He is such in prosperity, that he does not fear Adversity; and such in adversity, that he needs not to wish for Prosperity; such indeed in both, that it shall never repent him, that he hath tasted either.

§. 13. *His respect and affection for his Country.*

The true Gentleman is no lesse Serviceable to his Countrey, then Honourable in himselfe. He cannot Phancy himselfe so great, as to forget that he is but a creature, and so made for something; And 'till he can persuade himselfe to be a God (who is his own End and Happinesse) he cannot think that he was made onely to serve himselfe. He that made him, made him a Brother to many, and he owes a duty of love unto them all.

He

He is not like a lump of *Gold* in the *Bowels* of the *Earth*, which is neither for *sight* nor *service*; but like *that* which having once received the *stamp* of the *Prince*, is ever after *Current*, and *usefull* to *many*. Neither resembles he the *Glow-worme* or a *Rotten stick* in the *Dark*, which hath no more *light* then will show it selfe to be *something*, though no body by that *light* alone knowes *what*; but *illuminates* nothing *else* about it: no, he rather emulates the *Sun* in the *Firmament*, from which this *Inferiour World* receives all it's *life* and *vigour*. Thus the *Gentleman* is continually scattering the *rayes* and *Influence* of his *vertues* round about him, quite through all that lies within the *Wide Sphere* of his *Motion*. As amongst the *Elements*, the most *Noble* and *Pure*, is alwaies the most *active* too; and most *profitable*, as well as most *High* and *Distant*: And as the *highest* of *Bodies*, to wit, the *Celestiall* cannot naturally *rest*, but indeed by their *Continuall* and *swift motion*, do never faile to *labour* for the *Benefit* of the *whole world* besides: So is this *Little Heaven* and *Glory* of *Mankind*, never without some commendable *businessse* and *Employment*, and
such

such as shall assuredly at last tend unto great good and advantage, of as *ne* lie within the *Compassse* of his *Influence*.

The *Gentleman* (without doubt) is for some other end, then to stand, *like* fair and goodly *Tulip*, in a painted *Pot*, some *window* or other *Corner* of the *Chamber*, onely to grace the roome, without ther *smell* or other *apparent virtue*; He rather like the sweet and lovely *Rose*, who *perfumes* the *Aire* all about it, and is beside no lesse *Medicinall*, then *fragrant*. If ever the *Gentleman* seem to be *Idle*, he does more but seem so. He onely sets himself down a while, as he would doe a *Bottle*

precious *Water*, which has been troubled with much *motion*, that so it may by a *settling* it's heavier parts become *clear* again: Thus does he order his *Soul*, that after she has been violently *shaken* to and fro, and much troubled with the *affaires* of the world; may by this *rest*, give leave to the more *re*ne parts therein to draw towards the *bottom*, that so the *Grosser descending*, his *base* and *clearest thoughts* may again be *uppermost* and at *Liberty*. He carries not his *fine Body* up and down the *streets*, as men use

doe their *Dancing-horses* in a *Fair*, onely to be seen, and make sport for the Spectators: No, though never so gloriously trick'd up, and accountred, yet does he freely stoop, to take some part of that weighty burthen of the *Commonwealth* upon his back, and never walkes with more ease, nor shoves more reall state, then when thus Loaden.

He cannot call him a *man* that is without all calling, knowing that every servant (and every man ought to be God's servant) how proud soever must have his worke. Seeing God hath so blest him with abundance, that he needs not worke for his own bread, he will shew gratitude to his God, Worke for his Country's peace and safety. He scornes to have it thought, that He is the onely Cumber-something in the Nation, the onely Wen in the Body Politick, which growes great onely by sucking away that nourishment, which should feed and strengthen the serviceable members; and is good for nothing at length, but to Improve the Chirurgical skill, and the patience of the Diseased. Those parts and members of the man which are uppermost in the Body, and most Honourable, are alwaies most busied too for the Good of the whole:

In

In the *Head* are placed the *Eye* and *Eare*, and the *Organs* of *sense*; there too the *Understanding*, *Phancy* and *Judgme*. to see, to heare, *discerne*, *contrive*, *plot* and *rect*: and as he knowes it is his *Honour* to made a *part* of the *Head* of his *Countrey*; doth he own it his *duety*, not to refuse the exercise of that *Office* which belongs unto him. Hence he thinks it an *unworthin* in him, not only, to do *ill*, but to doe *Good*; and these *two* he can very hard *distinguish*; as some would fain doe, seei undoubtedly that which doth *no good*, — *good for nothing*, and this is to be *st* *naught*.

He holds it to be (as indeed it is) a crying shame, whilest the *Taylor*, and the *Cob* are justly reckon'd among the *Necess*. members of a *Commonwealth*, that the *G* *tleman*, who takes it as an affront not to thought much *better* then such *Mechanic* should not be so much as *us* *full* to place where he lives: or at most, but as *trimming* is to a good *suit*, or the *haire* the *head*, which may be *Cut* off and thro away, and no great hurt done to eith. This indeed is the *Gentleman's* priviled

not to be a servant to any *one* particular Member, but to the *whole* body; and that whilest others in their Inferiour Condition, are onely made capable of serving a *few*, his fortune is such as will allow him to be truly serviceable unto *all*. Herein consists his *Honour*, that he is not put to work as a *drudg* or *journey-man*; but is a *Freeman* indeed, and *Master* of his trade; and whilest others *toyle* hard, and receive a *scant* pittance when their worke's done; He is able to worke *gratis*, and so *oblige* a great part of the world by his *service*. Indeed this must needs be the greatest obligation can be laid upon the *Gentleman*, to labour *harder* and doe *better* then other men, because he is beforehand not onely furnished with good *tooles*, by an *Ingenuous* education, to worke withall; but hath (as was said) received so great a part of his *reward* already, and yet is assured of an infinitely greater yet behind. How is he ashamed to *deceive* him by his *Idlenesse*, who of his great *goodnesse* hath so farre already *trusted* to his *honesty*?

As he *refuseth* no Employment, which may render him according to the measure

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of

of his Abilities *serviceable* to his *Country*; he is he no way *ambitious* of that which he knowes to be *above* his *strength* and *reach*. As his great *love* to his *Country* perswade him not to *refuse* the *higher*, so doth his *humility* Command him to *accept* the *lower* he accounts no *burthen* *heavy* which he is *able* to beare; nor any *light* which is either *beyond*, or not *worth* his bearing. He makes not his *Ease* an *excuse*, nor the *Difficulty* an *apology* for his *refusall*. He dischargeth his trust with that *fidelity*, which will be sure to gain him, though perhaps the *barred* of the *Bad*, yet the *applause* and *love* of the *Good*, and the *unanimous thanks* of his *Country*.

§. 14. *His Studies and Recreations.*

That he may in good time be fitted for the *Calling* he intends, he begins to thin upon it early in the *Morning* of his age and accustomes himselfe to the *yoak* while he is *young*, that so he may bear it without *galling* his neck when he growes *old*. He makes it *now* his *businessse* to gather *thyme*, which he intends shall prove *Hon*
hereaf

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hereafter; and to lay up in the *Spring* what may stand him in stead when his *winter* is come. That he may indeed be *young* in *Old-age*, he learns to be *Old* in his *youth*; and he sucks so much out of every *science* now, as *Experience* and *years* may by degrees hereafter improve into that *Prudence* which becomes a *Gentleman*.

Having in his greener yeares onely so much *discretion*, as to find the want of what he should have, he is willingly directed by the *prudence* of another, 'till he can get enough for himselfe. He is not *Impatient* of *Subjection* now to that wise and grave *Instructor*, from whose both *dictates* and *example* he hopes to gain so much as may make him the *Instructor* of others hereafter: And he learns so betimes to *obey*, that the world may never have reason to say he began to *Command* too soon. It is his choice to live under a *severe* discipline, rather then to be left to himselfe as his *own* Master; lest perhaps failing in his *first* Command, whereby he should have Govern'd himselfe, he might despaire of better successe in his *second* of Commanding others.

His first care therefore now is to be wholly
M 2 guided

guided by him to whose *prudence* he is intrusted; lest by rejecting *him*, he might seem to disparage the *judgment* of his *parents*, who made that *choise* for him. Where the *Commands* laid upon him seem to him *irrationall*, so long as he knowes them not *sinfull*, he had rather *distrust* his own *judgment*, then neglect his director's *counsell*: and he never thinks himselfe (as very many doe) a *better man* then his *guide*, 'till he be sure he *knowes the way* to that he aimes at, *better* then he. He never shewes himselfe more to be his *own man*, and at his own disposall, then by this *unconstrained act* of *resigning* himselfe up unto *another*.

When he is come to that maturity of *Age and Discretion*, as to be able to benefit himselfe by his *Company*, he will be sure to make choise of such *Companions* as may serve him instead of *Books*; and of such *Books* as he intends shall often serve him for *Companions*: He is not ashamed to be now the *worst man* in that *Company*, wherein he may *learne* from his *bettters*, how to be the *best* in *another*: this is much more *honourable*, then to be the *best man there*, where he can never learne to be *better*, but often

often worse then he was before.

The *Studies* whereunto he cheerfully applies himselfe, are such as will more make the man, then please the Boy. He takes delight in nothing which will send him back again towards his *Infancy*, but *Innocence*. As for *Poetry* and such like pleasing studies, he does not wholly neglect them, but uses them as good sauces to make others more substantiall and nourishing relish the better. He loves not to spend his time in cracking Empty Nuts without a Kernell; nor to break his tender teeth by gnawing upon Samples bones. Neither Nice Criticisms nor tough Notions, can recompense him for the vast expence of that precious time, he should be at in making himselfe the Master of either. When he is entred into the faire garden of the *Muses* it is not his onely businesse to pick up here and there a few leaves to hide the Nakednesse of his discourse; or to adorne it with Blossomes and flourishes out of some Poetick figment, or Romantick story; but he gathers, eats and digests, that which is fruit indeed, and such as is truly wholesome and nourishing: Nor doth he, as the Emperours Army, lie loytering, and picking

up *Cockle-shells* upon the *shores* of good literature, but he boldly launches out into the main *Ocean*, and there Contemplates the wonders of the *deep*. It is not his design to be call'd a *Witty Gentleman*, and such an one as can talk *high*, and breath *flashes*, and *thunder* out *big words*, and store himselfe with so many *jest*s, and so much *Bombast*, as may *tickle* some, and *stupidify* others; he studies more to make himselfe a *man* than a *Companion*; and more how to *live* and *do well*, then *talk finely*. *True Histories*, and *Sound Politicks*, and *grave Morall* discourses, are the *fruitfull Gardens* where his *Muses* doe ordinarily *recreate* themselves: that so by his *Pleasures* as well as *Pains*, both the *Commonwealth* may in due time be happy in him; and he in himselfe. As for those *lighter* and more *ayery* studies, such as too frequently by their lovely *paint* and *dissembled beauty*, *steal away* the *amorous* and *unfixed youth* of most *Gentlemen*; he makes the same use of *them* which he does of his *Galleries*. or his *Arbours*; whither, now and then he comes to take a *turne* or two for *Recreation's* sake; and as he passes along sometimes casts a *carelesse eye*, upon those

those many pretty blossomes or pictures which he finds there. These may for a moment or two command his eye, but never his affection. Of such toys he had rather say hereafter that he *has seen* them, then that he *knowes* them. He would be ignorant of nothing, but he would onely be acquainted with the best. He has a more Masculine stomach, then to feed upon that which is *all sance*, but if there be a little in the Dish, to make him relish his meat the better, he is not displeased with it, though so long as his meat of it selfe is good, he doth not greatly desire it.

Divinity can never lie out of the true Gentleman's way, because he is alwaies going towards Heaven: For notwithstanding she seems so pale-faced, and of so soure a Countenance to those that love her not, because they do not know her, yet is there so much heavenly-beauty, and so many noble features discernable in her face, by the Gentleman's undistemper'd eye, that he soon begins in earnest to love her, and he can never go on farre in any other path whatsoever, but he must often cast a longing eye back upon her. Still bearing in mind the

happy place whither he is traveling with so good a will, he calls in at other *Arts* and *Sciences* as at so many *Innes*, to take a short *repast* by the way: or he stands looking upon them a while as upon so many *way-marks* set up at the severall *turnings* and *Crosse paths*, that from them he may receive *directions* which way to turne: But the *knowledge* of his *God*, that's the way he constantly *walkes* in, and that which will certainly bring him at last to that *home*, where he shall meet with a *Welcome*, which will abundantly recompence the *tediousness* of his *journey*, and an *entertainment* suitable to the *Quality* of a *Gentleman*.

His way being long, it is not amisse that he allowes himselfe sometimes a *recreation* and *diversion*. But then his *recreation* shall be abstaies such as he *dares not* make his *businesse*, and yet such as he *dares* safely make his *play*: It hath alwaies so much of *Innocence* as to be *blamelesse*, and so much *Brevity* as to be no *Hinderance*. It has so much *Youthfulness*, as not to be a *Businesse*, and yet so much *Businesse* as not to be *Boyish*. It shall bring with it so much reall *pleasure* as may make it a *refreshment*, and yet so little

little loveliness, as may spoile the temptation. He may step over the hedg into the pleasant *Meadow*, and pluck a sweet flower or two to smell to as he goes along, but he dares not lie him down, or rowle himselfe upon the tender grasse, lest he should be tempted to too long a stay, and thereby be benighted in his journey.

He thinks it no prudence to fall in love with any sport, which like a Cunning thiefe, smiles him in the face, whilest it cuts his purse, steals away his time, and cheats him of a good Conscience. If *Agar* once begin thus to insinuate her selfe into those affections, which are only due to her *Mistresse*; out of dores she shall goe: He intends not to sell his Charity at so cheap a rate, as the false pleasure of his game; Nor has he so little either thrift or Religion, as to make so foolish an Exchange, and part either with his Soul or his Time for the transitory delight of a dangerous temptation. His usuall Recreation therefore is, to make a play of his Study. He makes one study, like a shooting-borne, to draw on another, and makes the variety the recreation. Thus he takes the surest course that may be, for making his
Study

— Study so much his *Delight*, he saves him the *labour* of studying for a *Past-time*.

S. 15. *His Gold-busbandry at Home*

When the Gentleman comes to have managing of his own *Estate*, he takes care to instruct the world, how farre a man may be *Frugall* with *Honour*; and a *Good-husband* without a suspicion of being *wor* or *Covetous*; and again how freely a man may spend his *Estate*, and yet be no *prodigall*. hath so *circumspect* and watchfull an upon all his *affaires*; that you may see he much rather give away his *estate*, then cheated of it. He would be *coast* of *thing*, for fear of losing the opportunity bestowing much. As he would not all the *unfaithfulness* of a *servant*, to prevent the *Bounty* of the *Master*; so neither would he have the *Master's negligence* to occasion the *servants dishonesty*.

His *Table* is moderate, that so his *Char* and *Hospitality* may exceed: as he stud to be good himselfe, so endeavours he make every member of the *Family* as good as he; and he will have his *servants* to

his *Disciples*, no lesse then his *Children*. —
Neither ever does he so *wholy* vindicate
their *service* to *himselfe*, but he allowes them —
time enough to *pay* what they *owe* both to
God, and their *own* *soules*.

If his condition of life be *single*, he so be-
haves himselfe therein, that no man shall
hence be able to conclude, either that he
wants a *Wife*, or his *house* a *Mistresse*; So
much *chastity* has the *one*, and so much *good*
order is there in the *other*. But if he think
fit to *change* his *Condition*, he endeavours
to chuse a *second selfe*, that may *suite* with
the *former*; that so they may be (as neer
as he can effect it) one *Spirit*, as well as
one *flesh*. Whom, not long agoe, he *cour-*
ted rather as a *Vertue* then a *Mistresse*, he
now *uses* as a *wife* and not as a *servant*; not
is 'tis usuall of late) calling her *Mistresse*
and *Lady* before she be his *wife*, whom he —
intends to make his *drudge* all her life time
after. Nor does he (as too many) marry
only for *Money*; knowing that *such* are in
danger of *Committing Adultery* after *Mar-*
riage, seeing they never Marry'd the *Woman*,
but her *Portion*. With him *Vertue* and *Love*,
not *Money* and *parentage*, make the *Match*:
and

and the question he asks, is not--What *hath* *she*? but--What *is she*. He makes *Prudence* and *Religion* the guides of his *Love*; and so he becomes as good an *Husband* and *Father*, as before he was a *man*.

§. 16. *His Religion.*

I have told you (Sir) already that the *Gentleman* is not *ashamed* to be call'd a *Religious* man; although that *Epithete* he thought no better then a terme of *debasement*, by the *degenerate* Gentry of our age. He *owns* a *God*, and he *Worships* him, and makes that *Honour* which he observes others to render unto *God*, the ground of his respect to *them*. He looks upon no man as a *Gentleman*, but *him* alone, who derives his *pedigree* higher then from *Adam*, even from *Heaven*: and he accounts all those who can brook any *Dishonour* or *Contempt* of their *God* that one *Common father* of us all, as a *Bastard* and no *Son*. It would be no *Honour* for him to seeke an acquaintance here upon *Earth*, and therefore by his frequent *Devotions* he often goes to seek out a better in *Heaven*; where he may be sure

to meet with such, as shall be worth his *keeping*. He dares call every man a *Fool* to his face who with *David's Fool*, suffers either his *tongue* or his *heart* to say *There is no God*.

If you aske him, what *Religion* he is of, his answer is ready, of his *mother's*; that is, he is a *true Son* of the *Church*. And yet is he onely so farre *her Son*, as he sees her willing to continue his *Saviour's Sponse*. Neither is he content to be still an *Infant* in Religion, and to be taught onely (as *mothers* use to teach their *young children*) to say his *prayers* and his *Creed* by rote, but he *prays* and *believes* and *practises* all truly by heart: Notwithstanding, he never forgets his *Mother*, nor neglects to *Honour* her with his *Life* and *Substance*. He is alwaies more ready to take her *Directions* for the *Forme* and *Method* of all his duties, then to be *Disciplined* by all those *Chatting Dry-nurses* which are so busy about him, such as indeed have *talk* enough, but (alas) no *Milke*, whose whole businesse is indeed to make him *undutifull* to his *own mother*, and to set light by all her *Councells* and *Commands*: perswading him to believe that a *true Child* of

of God, not *subject* to a *Mother* in any way. And they never show their *venemore* more plainly, then when they goe about to make him forget what this *Mother* *Christians* by a strict *Command* from *Dearest Lord* has ever been most careful to teach all her children, to say--O FATHER.

He goes not to *Church* to save his *C* or his *Purse*, to see his friend or speak his *Tenent*, but to meet his *Heavenly Father* and *Commune* with his *God*, and to take *relections* from him how to behave him the following *week* or *Day*. When there, he makes his *heart* accompany *tongue*, and his *Eare* keep time with *Preacher*. Every *Morning* and *Even* like a *Dutifull sonne*, he in private confesseth his *faults*, and begs his *Father's* pardon and *blessing*; and for the better order of his following *duties*, reads over with *and Humility* some part of those *Direct* which he had long since *Commanded* servants to set down in *writing* for use.

He chuseth his *Religion*, not by it's *commoditie* but it's *truth*; and often weighs
br

should he goe the *first* way to work, he knowes, he should be sure to have, not whats *Best* and *Soundest*, but the *Easiest*, and most *Gainfull*; if the *later*, it is an hundred to one that he shall draw a *blank*, and be made an *Atheist* for his labour. Here he dares not by any means follow or embrace what's most in *Fashion*, for that ('tis cleare) is *Hypocricy* the cunning *Sister* of *Atheisme*, or *Atheisme* shamed or frighted into conformity; but he professes that which is most *Ancient*, for that (he may be sure) will at last be found most true.

His *Religion* is not such a *Young, Light* and *Wanton* Girl, as pleases the vain *Phancy* of every giddy *Interested* professor; but such a *Grave Matron* whose naturall *Beauty*, and *Constancy*, the *Gray-hairs* of *Prudence* and *Sobriety*, have ever judged to be truly *Venerable*, and most deserving of the *Christian's* embraces. This is that worthy *Lady*,
which

which he dayly *Courts*, to make her the *Assesse* and *Protectresse* of his *Soul*, and she it is alone that can give him a *breeding* fit for *Heaven*.

He shewes how *freely* he can goe on in the wayes of *Godlinesse* without a *Spurre*, and how *base* a thing it is and unbecoming his *Qualitie* to be driven into *Heaven* by force. By his *hast* and *cheerfulnessse* in his race; he evidences his *sense* of the *Worth* of what he aims at: And by his *egernessse* in the pursuit of another world, endeavour to confute the *folly* of those, who would linger out an *eternity* (were it possible) amongst the *Onyons* and *Fleshpots* of this *Egypt*. As he was borne a *man*, so he had his *Inheritance* upon *Earth*; but as he is *New-borne* a *Christian*, he leaves this *trash* to the *Prodigall* younger *Brother*, expecting a *Possession* durable in the *Heavens*.

He feares as little the names of *Precise* and *zealous*, wherewith the *Divell* in the Mouths of his *Disciples*, thinks to fright him out of all *Holinesse*, as they understand them, who thus too frequently *abuse* them. That *Boysterous* breath which the *prophane* world sends forth to deride and *Crosse* him in his intended

intended voyage, he, like a skilfull Pilote so orders by the right *Composing* of his *Sayles*; that he makes *that* his greatest *advantage* and furtherance, which was intended for his *ruine*. He can go to Heaven with any *wind* and with any *Name*, where he is so sure to meet with a *tittle* of *Honour*, a *name* written in the *book of life*, even the *Honour* of all his *Saints*. He cannot Phancy that to be any *debasement* of his spirit, which carries him out upon so *High* and *Noble* achievements; but thinks it an *Happinesse* to goe into *Canaan*, though it be through a *Red sea*, and a rude *Wildernesse*; whilest others (alas) feed so greedily upon the *Quailes*, that they never *say grace*, but in a *murmuring*, that they have not more and better cheer; He feeds more upon his *hopes*, then his *enjoyments*, and blesses his God for both.

And now this *Religion*, which he has thus wisely *espoused*, and entirely *loves*, he dares not prostitute to *Interest* or *Humour*: But as any man accounts the enjoyment of one thing which he principally *loves*, enough to recompence him for all that he has been constrain'd to part with in his pursuit after

at: so the *Religious Gentleman* can freely part with both *Humour* and *Interest*, with all he enjoys, and all he hopes for here, for his *Religion's* sake, being sure to find them all again hereafter, in the fruition of *Her*, whom he so sincerely loves. Like a *Prudent* lover, he removes all occasions of *Jealousy* from his beloved; His *Religion* shall never have cause to fear, that either his *Pleasure* or his *Honour*, or his *Profit*, shall gaine so much upon his affections, as to become her *Rival*.

§. 17. *The Conclusion of this Character.*

Thus (Sir) Whilest I goe about to give you the Character of a true *Gentleman*, I am false into that of a *Christian*; and indeed no wonder, for there is such a necessary *Connexion* betwixt these two, that they seeme to be no more then the *Different Names* of the same man. If you desire to have his picture in a lesse *Compass* here it is.

The true *Gentleman*, is one that is God's
man's *Char-* servant, the World's Master, and his own Man.
 His

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His *Vertue* is his *Businesse*, his *Study* his *recreation*, *Contentednesse* his *rest*, and *Happinesse* his *reward*. God is his *Father*, the *Church* is his *Mother*, the *Saints* his *Brethren*, all that need him his *Friends*, and *Heaven* his *Inheritance*. *Religion* is his *Mistresse*, *Loyalty* and *Justice* her *Ladies of Honour*; *Devotion* is his *Chaplain*, *Chastity* his *Chamberlain*, *Sobriety* his *Buttler*, *Temperance* his *Cook*, *Hospitality* his *Houskeeper*, *Providence* his *Steward*, *Charity* his *Treasurer*: *Piety* is *Mistresse* of the *House*, and *Discretion* the *Porter*, to let in and out as is most fit. Thus is his whole *Family* made up of *Vertues*, and he the true *Master* of his *Family*. He is necessitated to take the world in his way to Heaven, but he walks *through* it as fast as he can; and all his *businesse* by the way, is to make himselfe and others *happy*. Take him all in two words, he is a *Man* and a *Christian*.

And here (Sir) 'tis time that I beg both the Gentleman's pardon and Your's, for thus abusing his name; and presuming to give you his Character, whose excellencies are not to be *Comprehended*, much lesse *expressed*, by any one lesse then himselfe. I

have an *Apology* at hand, for giving you this *rude* and *Imperfect* draught of his *Picture*: that I give it you *as all*, it is my *obedience* to your *Command*; that you receive it so *Misshapen* and *ill proportion'd*, besides the little *experience* and lesse *skill* of the *Painter*, he has this to say for himselfe; he could hardly tell where, being absent from such as you Sir, to find a *true Gentleman* to draw it by. But either he was *Constrained* to take it from the *Dead*, and then no wonder if his work fall short both of *Complexion* and *life*; or by that faint *Idea* he had in his own mind, and therefore he hopes he is *excusable* though he sometimes mistake in the *Feature*. If you meet in any place with too deep a *shadow*, where there should be more *light*, he desires; that beside the *weaknesse* of his *eye*, you would consider the *Darknesse* of the *Time*, and the *uncertain light* he saw by. For we live so much in the *Evening* of the world, when the thick and foggy *mists* of *Ignorance* darken the ayre; and that fading light we have, is so *variously* refracted by our *Glittering Vices*; and so often reflected by the *Disfigur'd* glasses of *Phancy* and *Humour*; that there is nothing troubles him so

much, as that he is unhappily furnished with so many *excuses* to plead for his *Error*. But if any will not be satisfied with this, he yet layes claime to a further *Priviledg* of a *Painter*, that is to be a little more *talkative*, and to say something more in vindication of what he has done ; and thereby demonstrate, that the excellent *Originall* he would have *Coppy'd*, is either not at all, or very rarely to be met with, at *this* day, in *England*.





S E C T. IV.

*S. 1. How few of the true Gentlemen
are now to be found in England.*

I Need not tell you (Sir) who have paid so dear for the sad *changes*; that it is our hard hap to live in a *reforming Age*, wherein most things grow every day *new*, but very few things *better*. And I do heartily wish it were as seriously *Consider'd* by themselves, as it is well known to most, *rejoyced* at by some, and sadly *lamented* by others, what a *decrease* and *waning* there has been in the *Gentry of England* within a few of the last *yeares*; and that not only in the *number* of their *Persons*, and *largenesse* of their *Estates*; but even in the *Excellencies* of their *Soules*, and the *greatnesse* of their *Vertues*. As if it had been a *small* thing for them to live so long the *Despised vassels* of their *Hypocriticall Adversaries*, the good *Masters* that have so long *ruled* us, except they had

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had been permitted, by the severest kind of *Cruelty* to take *vengeance* of their own *vertues*, and render themselves ten times more the wretched *Captives*, and despicable *slaves*, of their own Tyrannicall *Lusts*, and Atheisticall *Humours* then before. Indeed an *Atheist* and a *Gentleman* in the opinion of many, have for a long time been either *Synonymous* or at least *Convertible* termes: I dare not, I confesse, have such hard thoughts of *all*, though I could heartily wish, they would rather take some pains by their *lives* and *Conversations* to prove this to be an *absurd*, then *stretch* their *lungs* to cry out upon it, and *swear* it to be a *rash* and *uncharitable* Censure.

Indeed, if on the *oneside*, in a feigned *show* of Religion to exclaim against *Drunkennesse* and *Swearing*, and other such like *lowd* and *Open* Prophanenesses, will suffice to Denominate the *Saint*: Or if on the *other side* to Cry out upon *Hipocrisy* and *Injustice*, *Rebellion* and *Sacriledg*, *Lying* and *Perjury*, may be thought sufficient to constitute a true *Son* of the *Church* of *England*: then have we *all* enough to say for our selves, and to prove that most of our *Gentlemen*

are indeed *Christians*. But, alas, it is too manifest, that on the one hand, all this *Cunning* and *superficial sanctity*, all these *strained sighs* and *Groanes*, and *turn'd-up Eyes*, are no better then *Sathan's Sunday's Garbe*, or the painted *Masks* and *vizards*, which *Avarice*, *Ambition* and *Interest* love to be seen in abroad. These are the *Enriching Crafts*, — whereby our *Demetriuses* get their *wealth*. Many who have passed for *Saints* along time (*experience* has shown it us) have been just such as he, who had rather make *Silver shrines* for *Diana*, so they may be sure to be well paid for their work, then build *Temples* for the *Worship* of a *Crucified Jesus* in hopes of an *Heaven*, and meet with his *Crosse* for their pains. And on the other hand all those *raveings* which we dayly hear against *Oppression*, *Hipocrisy* and *Tyranny*, I am afraid, they are not so often the *seasonable* overflowings of a *Devout Spirit*, a *sincere* soul, and a — *Loyall heart*; as the wild *outrages* of a *boiling Passion*, of a *Confined vice*, and a *restrained lust*, which makes the sufferer like a *Mad man* to *gnaw* upon his *chains* and *fetters*: or else they are the *violent* motions of a *revengfull Soul*, which *frets* it selfe at the pro-
speciey

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prosperity of the *wicked*, and had rather see it's *enemies miserable*, then it *selfe sober and good*. This is in truth that which many have thought enough to give *either* party the title of *religious* : but how they make good their claim to this title in their *Actions*, it is but too visible.

Certainly if the *Gentleman's life* and ordinary *Conversation* may be thought (as it ought to be) the best *index* to point us out to his *opinion* ; we shall have much a doe to meet in most of those that own that name, with a *Good Opinion* either of *God* or *Religion*. Most of them (I am sure the *younger sort*) do grudge either of these the least place in their *discourse*, and therefore, it is to be fear'd as little in their *thoughts*. They would as soon, nay much sooner make choise of a *Tinker* or a *Fidler*, then of a *Religious* man for their *Companion*. Alas, such an one would spoyle all their *Mirth*, and make their very *lives* , by plunging them into a *Malancholy Mood*, meer *torments* to them. Any thing that's *grave* and *serious* they perfectly *loath* and utterly *reject* , as that which cannot at present suit with their more *sprightly* and *flourishing* yeares: *Aga*
and

and scarcity of their *Juvenile blood* hereafter (they think) make this a business of *Course*, and so they had rather ~~have~~ then make it now a matter of choice: who need they be Religious now, who shall they think) whether they will or no, be before they die?

- If we should but a while take notice how many *Riots*, the *Gentlemen* of our times daily commit, all those wanton *Frolicks* and *Revellings* they are not only guilty of, but *Glory* in; especially when they are at the *Tavern* or some other *Good house* of expense and *Merriment*, we should be readier to *lose* our selves in *Admiration* of their *Madness*, then to find out any thing of real *Honor* and *Nobility* in them. To behold them there *Contending* for the *Victory* over a *pot*, and taking the *measure* of their *Gallantry* by the *strength* of their *Brains*, or *Capacity* of their *Bellies*: to hear them there drawing up with so much complacency an *Inventory* and *Catalogue* of all their *sinfull* extravagances, and in a *double* proportion intermixing their *prophanenesses* with their *wine*: whilst they *drink wine with a song* and prove themselves *mighty to drink strong drink*: To bear

ar them *roaring* themselves out of breath, never taking leave of their wine, but of *their senses* too: nor forbearing their *Oaths* till they be able to *speak* no more; would you believe these men could ever be so *sober*, to mention the names of *Christian* or *Gentleman*?

And yet 'tis most certain as well as *sad*, that you can never be more sure to meet with our *Gentry* in any place, then at these *Academies* of sin, and *Nurseries* of uncleanness, there *exercising* their abilities, and making themselves *expert* in all those *arts* whereby they may most gratifie *Sathan*, and as it were, in so many open *Bravadoes*, challenge the *Almighty* into the field, and dare him to doe the *worst* he can.

But (alas) we need not seek so great an advantage over them, as to *take* them there, where they have so often *lost* themselves, and it heartily grieves me, as certainly it will do every *Charitable Christian*, to see them so desperately madded with the fear of being accounted *Holy*; and so ravenously ready of eternall destruction, as thus to swallow it down by whole *Bowles*, and make their companions *Merry* at the working out of their

their own *Damnation*. Doubtlesse hath but two much Power over them when they are most *Sober*, they need give him the *advantage* of finding them often *drunk*. Except in a *Gallantry* desire to show the world how *boldly* dare *desire Heaven*, and how much *Scorns* to owe their *ruine* to any but themselves.

At such good places as these, is it, that *Gentlemen* make all their *Bargains*, *cut* all their *friends*, *treat* all their *Ladies*: they *Consult* about the weightiest aff of the *Commonwealth*; *Seal* and *Con* all their agreements in the very high their *Intemperance*; as if they were a they should *know* or *remember* here what then they did; or as if they *Confident* then to be in a *Capacity* of *ing* all things *best*, when they were *left* themselves: There can be no *meeting* least, no *parting* without a *Cup*; as if could be no surer *pledg* of *friendship*, o of a *Civill Correspondence* and *Familia* then by being thus *Drunk* together, o left next dore to it.

And now all this *Madnesse*, mul
tho

thought no worse then the *Demonstration* of that *Civillity* and *Courtesy* which they owe one another ; a *necessary kindnesse* or an *handsome treatment* : And who so refuses either to goe along with them, or to doe as they do when he is there , he is no better then an *uncivill fellow* , and no *Companion* for *Gentlemen* : what a *disgrace* is it held for a man to leave a *drop* in the bottome of his *Cup* ? What an *affront* is it to the Company, not to pledge every man his *whole one* ? And not to admit every *Health* , it is no lesse then the greatest *disrespect* and *Injury* can be offer'd to the *person* in remembrance ; whosoever refuseth it, especially if it be a *Lady* or a *Minion* is remembred, shall be sure to hear of it with an *Oath* now, and perhaps a *Challenge* anon.

More *Ceremony* is used, and more *Reverence* by halfe, to *set off* their drunken *Revels*, then to *grace* the *Worship* and service of their *God* : All must be *bare*, and all upon their *knives*, and a *Catch* instead of an *Hymne* : this is their *morning* and their *Evening Devotion* ; but whether this be the true service of their *God*, or the *businesse* of *Gentlemen* , I dare appeal to those *Conscienc*es of their's,

their's, which they now endeavour to
 lence and Drown both by their Drinke
 their Roaring.

Nay, it seems very evident, that even
 Gentlemen themselves make this Sottish
 time the most infallible marke of true
 lantry: and account him a person of
 and without all exceptions fit for the
 Company, whosoever can but take off his
 Cups handsomely, and is versed in all the
 Methods and Maximes of this Hellish Art.
 Indeed they have made it a kind of Science
 and have given it so many rules and laws
 of late, that he that will now be expert in it
 had need to serve out an Apprenticeship
 to learne all the Circumstances and termes
 though he be never so perfect in the Sub-
 stance before. Any person how Contem-
 tible soever shall not be thought unworth
 of their Company, if he be but the Master
 of this Art. Even he whom they would
 almost scorne to own for a man when Sobber
 and in his right wits, when he is Drunk
 Mad, though but a Tinker or a Cobler, is
 is a Companion for Gentlemen. I do not
 grudge the poor fellows the Honour of such
 Society, nor indeed can I think it any: Bu

I am more the *Gentleman's* friend, and more tender of his *reputation* then he himselie: I do therefore make it my *prayer*, as it is doubtlesse much the *griefe* and *trouble* of all good men to see them otherwise at present, that they may at last become more *charitable* to themselves, then thus to *debauch* and *unman* their own soules, and fall as much below the *Nature* of men, as the *Quality* of Gentlemen.

§. 2. *An Enquiry into the more Civill sort of our English Gentlemen.*

But let us look upon our *Gentlemen* in a more *sober* Posture; though, I am afraid they will take it as an *Injury* done them, to consider them thus *abstractedly* from the highest degree of *Debauchery*: take away their *Pot* and their *Pipe*, and you rob the most of them, of the most delightful *method* they know, of *spending* their *time*, which is such a *trouble* to them. This is it, which is their *burthen*, and their *disease*, that as the Stag with the Arrow in his side, they run, and shift, and throw themselves about from place to place, and are alwaies *mad* to be
rid

rid on't; till the *sad moment* appear where-
 in they are call'd out of the world, and then
 their *time* and *life*, both equally *desired*, *vanish* together. This *wasting* of their *time*,
 they esteem a thing so *innocent* in it selfe,
 that they seem to apprehend a *Goodnesse* in
 it, great enough to make them a *pretence*
 for all their *other* vices, and *sinfull* employ-
 ments, shrouding them all under the ge-
 nerally approved names of *Necessary Passe-*
times and *diversions*. Cards, or Dice, Bow-
 ling or Hunting, or Fiddling, or any thing
 that has but a *Motion* in it to delude the
 tediousnesse of their *Houres*; shall be wel-
 come to them, and thought to be things
 not onely *Harmlesse* and *Honest*; but as in-
 vented to this good end of *passing away* the
time, things *desireable* by most, and very
Commendable in a *Gentleman*. In these they
merrily spend, both their *Nights* and their
Daes, their *livelihoods* and the greatest part
 of their *lives*; whilst the poor neglected
Soul all this while, cannot be allowed so
 much as *halfe an hour's* time in the *Morning*,
 by her *Devotions*, and viewing her face in the
 Glasse of *God's word*, to dresse her selfe for
Heaven.

Into

• Into how many *Gentlemen's Families* shall you come, where they do not ordinarily by sleeping out all the *Morning*, make it *night till noone*? They rise from their Beds just so *Early* as their *Dinners* may prevent their *Devotions*: When they are thus removed from *Bed to Board*, they feed there their *Lusts* better then their *Bodies*, and yet their *Bodies* more then their *Soules*. The *table* is the *Altar* where they *Sacrifice* their *Healths* to their *Appetites*, and *Temperance* to *Luxury*. They chuse their meat, by it's *Cost* and *rarity*, not *use* and *wholsomnesse*, and it is too true a *Proverb*, that *what's farre fetch'd and dear bought, is meat for Gentlemen*. After they have thus satiated for a while their *lusts*, and gratified the *Delicacy* of their *Pallates*, they must sit out an *houre's* *Impertinent* and *Idle* *tattle* to digest their *excesse*: when they have done this, they are ready for another *Nap*, and that prepares them for another *meal*, except the *Tavern* or their *Game* prevent it.

If they chance to hear of some *Pamphlet*, *Libell* or *Pasquill*, wherein some *honest name* is a sufferer, or where *Chastity* is put to

doe penance in an *obscene sheet*, any piece of *Drollery*, or wanton *Ballad* upon a *Mistresse*, a *New Romance* or a *Play*, presently the *News* of it is dispatch'd from one to another, these shall be read and ponder'd over and over, and be their Discourse and *Pass-time* at every meeting. For mine own part it hath very rarely been my Fortune to meet with a *Club* of *Gentlemen*, but as often as I have, I have been frighted out of it again, or have had good Cause to repent me afterwards, that I was not so, by that wild kind of *behaviour*, and loosenesse of talk I heard or saw amongst them. The best of their talk at any meeting, is but to aske and impart the *News* then stirring, or to give their judgments of the *Ladies* and the *Fashions* of the times; to find fault with their own *Tailors*, or to commend *another's*; to *Droll* out the time, or vie *Wits* by abusing each other, but every man most of all himselfe. If any man in the Company can (and there be not many that can do so much) by some slight *probleme*, make a shift to pose his fellowes; he thinks he has done wonders, and has sufficiently vindicated his *credit* from the imputation of *Ig-*

variance or *Idleness* for ever.

Alas (Sir) what is it that even the *Primo* of our *Gentlemen* pride themselves in ? even *they* whom we are prone to esteem highly, and stile *Civill* and *Ingenious* persons ! what but a little *vain* and *Glittering* Apparell ? and hee's the Compleatest *Gentleman* for the most part, who wears the best *suit*, and shines most in a *tinsell* bravery. Who is thought the man of the highest *inward* accomplishments, but he that can talk *volubly* of the *Customes* and *vices* of the *Court*, or that which is most *like* it now there is *none* ? He that can tell you how much he is *courted* by the *Ladies*, and how much he is in *favour* with our *Great Folks*. He that can expresse himsele *modistly* in a Complement, that can *speak* much, and *dance* well, and *hand* his *Lady* with the greatest *grace* along the streets ; these are the *brave Gentlemen* that are every where cry'd up as they go for *Gallant* and well accomplish'd persons. Or if you would goe higher yet, then he must be the man, that has *laden* his Memory with a few broaken *Ends* and *Chippings* of History ; or can tell you strange stories of the *fashions* and *Customes* of other *Natio*

and tell you where he has been, and what rarities he has seen; and at once perhaps both *discommend* and *practise* their vices. Or if he be yet a more through *Scholar*, and generally acquainted both with *books* and *men*, so farre as to *applaud* and *Censure* and talk *Skeptically*; If he be an exquisite *Mathematician*, or *Musician*, or the like. We think we have reason enough to suppose him company for the *Best*; and certainly he were so, would he but labour to be *one* of them, when he is *amongst* them. But, alas, what's become of his *God* and his *Religion* all this while? If you can find a little of either in his *Discourse*, 'tis much, though there be just *nothing* of them in his *life*. All those *other* accomplishments were truly commendable, were they thus accompanied; but not being so (alas) they are stark naught.

Let us passe on to those who are thought by many the most *Sober* and *serious* persons of all others, and even amongst these (I fear) we shall find too many, on whom we can onely bestow this *poor* Commendation, that they are more *Gravely wicked*, more *Cautiously sinfull*, and more *Soberly Atheistical*.

call. Such are the men, who (as I have told you before) flatter themselves up in a kind of *Negative Justice*; and thereby with those whose *persons* and *estates*, they have not *actively* violated or diminished, are esteem'd persons of much *worth* and *Honour*; and yet these are no better then the *tamest* sort of *Sathans* servants, whom by a long *usage* he has made somewhat lesse *wanton*, and brought up to his *hand*; and has taught them to *Cozen* and *Dissemble* almost as well as himselfe. I need not tell any affectionate *Son* of the *Distressed Church* of England, how good *friends* and *servants*, these *Good, Hon st, Civill, Sober* and *prudent* men have all along been to his poor Mother: How many of them have *quietly* stood by, and look'd on, if with no *delight*, yet (I am sure) with a great deal of unworthy *patience*, and base *Cannivance*, whilst *she* has been mercilessly *torne* in pieces, by the *cruel* teeth of those *ravenous* beasts, which *pretended* to *watch* and *defend* her: and yet not so much as an *Arrow* shot out of any other *Quiver* then their *mouths* in a *Chimney-Corner*, against any of them. Whilst the *Younger Gentlemen* want *true*

true Gentlemen, is guilty of a Scandall. I confesse I could almost willingly be guilty of the Sin, upon condition his Innocency would once prove me a liar.

If he can think it possible to be a true Gentleman without any sense of true Honour or Religion; or if he dares call him Religious and think him desirous of Heaven, who (though his whole life be little enough to prepare for it, yet) grudges to spend one Minute of his time to gain it: If he have the Charity to account him pious, who suffers his Soul to Starve for want of Spirituall food, and yet can feast and pamper up his Lusts every houre: if he can have a true sense of Honour, who can Phancy himselfe Happy in Sathan's service, and is oftener upon his knees to him then to his God; who makes his Soul the very drudg of his Body, and his carnall appetite the Mistresse of his life; and every one of his members the slave of some lust or other: If that man can rationally be thought, to set a just estimate upon an Honest Reputation, who had rather lie dabling in the Dirt, and Wallowing in the Mire of Sin, then walk in the pleasant paths of Holinesse; the high-way to Heaven.

If

If it be a mark of *Religion*, to drein out a vast estate, by a vain *ambition* placed in *Fine Cloaths*, delicious meats, rich wines, *wasting Games*, and other such like *expensive* sins, as are now the *mode*; and all this while, not one *mite* cast into God's *exhausted treasury*, not a *Rag* designed to cover the poor man's *nakedness*: If to behold God's own *peculiar* servants and *Ambassadors* lie starving in the streets for want of some few *morsels* or *Crumbs* of that *bread* which they grudg not by whole *loaves* to throw to their *Dogs*: If to see God's *House* all on *fire*, occasion'd by the *outrages* of their own *flaming passions*; and God's *children* frying in the midst of the flame, and yet not so much as *move* a *foot* to fetch a little water to quench the *one*, or stretch out an *arme* to *save* the *other*: if any man can judg these things to be the tokens of *Religion* or *Honour*: If to *sit still* all the day *Idl*, and *laugh* at those who are *working* in the *Vineyard*; if to come into a *Church* with a long train of *gandy* attendants, and to *shine* a while there in a little *garish* pomp; if to sit in the *highest* pue, and to make this the chiefe part of their *Devotion* (without so much

much as the Pharisee's *Lord I thank thee*) that they are *better then other men*; if to justle a *poor* neighbour out of their presence, with a *stand off*, for *I am more Honourable then thou*; if to *scoffe* at all those who make any *show* of *Piety*, or to *deride* all those who think it necessary to have *more* then a *show*, be the *insallible* characters whereby we may know a *Gentleman*, then indeed I must of necessity confesse we have yet *more* then *enow* such *Gentlemen* in this poor *England*.

I had rather *mourn* in *secret*, and in *sadnesse* of *Spirit*, *sigh* out the rest unto my *God*, then proceed at present any further in so *unpleasant* a theme. O that the *spit blood* of *Christ's* poor languishing *spouse*, cry not too loud in *Heaven* at the *last* day, not onely against those *bloody* souls, who have most *barbarously* thrust their *spears* into her side, and with *inhumane* hands *torne* out her very *Bowels*; but even against all those too who could have a *Calm* upon their *Spirits*, whilest the *temp:st* continued in the *Church*, and could hold it *prudence* to sit still, and not come forth to the help of *God's* *spouse* and his *anointed* one against the *Mighty*; and therefore onely because they appeared

peared *Mighty*. My prayers are, that an *Early*, and an *Active* repentance, may *seasonably* prevent their *threatned* ruine; and a timely *understanding* of their own *names*, may make them before it be too late, truly *sensible* of their *duties*, and in earnest endeavour to regain that *Honour*, which they have been too remisse hitherto in preserving *spotlesse*. This is my great *Charity* to the *Gentleman's* soule; and the highest *respect* I can conceive any man owes to his *person*, is to wish that *part* of him *best*, which he seems to regard *least*. I would to God he could *once*, though *late* have so great a *Charity* and respect for himselfe, that so he might not one day be found, with *weeping*, and *wailing*, and *Gnashing of teeth*, crying out upon himselfe with no lesse *reason*, then *despair* and *Horror*, even as that *once-glorious* Church, to the untimely *ruine* whereof his *fin*s have in so large a measure Contributed, cries out upon him now with *sorrow* and *amazement*. Had he not shown himselfe all along so *stupidly* senselesse of, and *Brutishly* unconcern'd, in the *afflictions* of *Joseph*; I might have had the *Charity*, to think him capable of *Councell* and *advice*, and to wish
him

him *one* better able than *my selfe* to *use* him herein. However give me *leave* mention one or two of those *Considerations* before i conclude this letter, which (*desub* lesse) if he have not quite *forgot* himselfe must needs sink *deep* into his thoughts, and *provoke* him, if any thing can do it now he is at such a *distance*, to *returne* to himselfe.

§. 4. *Motives to the Gentleman to be indeed Religious, and first of Common Civility.*

To perswade the *Gentleman* to be good, a man would think were no *hard* taske, seeing he takes it so ill out, that any man should *suspect* him to be *otherwise*: and yet notwithstanding, it may well be thought a very *difficult* and *bold* undertaking, when it shall be consider'd how much he is in *love* with his *present* selfe; for as *selfe-love* is *blind* whensoever it should look upon it's own *faults*; so is it altogether as *deaf* when it should hearken to *instruction*. Yet because the *Difficulty* lies not so much in making him *understand* what he *should* be, as in making

king him *see* how much he is at present what he *ought not* to be; for that he *ought* to be good and *Religious* I know he will readily *grant*, but that he is *not so* already we shall have much adoe to persuade him to *believe*: Seeing *one* halfe of our work is already done to our hand in his own *Conscience*, we may have the greater encouragement to proceed in the *other* yet behind: I am Confident, that by reading what goes before, he cannot chuse but behold himselfe in his own *shape*, at least in one so *like* it, that the very *sight* must of necessity beget in him an *hated* of the *old* object and a *love* to the *New*: and therefore at present I shall confidently suppose, that I have no more to doe but this, to let him see in some measure how *rationall* a thing it is for him to be, what he himselfe so well *knowes*, he should bee.

I intend not here to trouble you or him with any large Encomium of *Vertue* or *Religion*, which would swell up this Discourse much above the *just* proportion of a *Letter*; neither is it my purpose to call in all those *Auxiliaries* I might from severall *Common-places* be supplied withall, to compleat my conquest

conquest over the Gentleman's Affair shall only mention one or two *Of* *atives* which I hope may be, I am sure *ther* would infallibly be prevalent *an* *ctuall*.

Arg. The first and slightest which I shall most humbly offer to his serious *Confession*, is an argument which he too makes use of to a worse purpose, and *he* by suffers his *sensuall* to gain the victory over his *Spirituall* selfe. And this is taken from that *Topick* of *Common Civility*, which naturally obliges him to make *suitable returns* to those many *reall kindnesses* and respects which the *best* of his *friends* have ever had for him. I shall beseech him to remember, how whensoever he is by the swing of his own *dominering lusts*, no lesse then by the *attractive vices* of his acquaintance drawn to a *Taverne*, or carried on to any other *excesse* or *riot*, it is to this one pretence he confidently betakes himselfe for Sanctuary; that he was merely *drawn in* by the *Civility* of others, and that he was not able to resist the *Importunity* of his *friends*; that *Common Courtesy* did strongly oblige him not to show himselfe *regardlesse* of his *acquaintance*;

quaintance, by forsaking *their Company* who had expressed themselves so *desirous*, and had taken so much pains to enjoy *his*. I wish he would but call to mind what weight this argument hath when pressed upon him by his *lowdest* companions, and assisted by his own forward *Inclinations* to that which is *evil*; and how infinitely *more* force then it ought to have, when made use of by such as *really* desire his *happinesse*, and applied to that which in it selfe is so deservedly *Commendable*?

Would the Gentleman but open his ears, how many *reall friends* might he hear, and those such whose *Courteous Invitations* he cannot either with *Civility* or *Gratitude* refuse, every where with no small *importunity* wooing him into *Heaven*, and to walk along with *them* in those *paths* which will lead him thereunto. I might here tell him how heartily *God himselfe* calls and *Invites* him, and daily sends abroad his *Messengers* early and late to *beg* and *intreat* him to accept of his *Invitation*; how he has prepared his *Oxen* and his *Fatlings*, and made ready his *Supper*, how he *bids* him to a *Feast of Fatlings*, and to *drink wine and milk without Money*

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Money and without price: How he
 with his armes of mercy spread wide
 to receive, embrace, and kisse his re-
Prodigalls, with a new Robe and a Ri-
 with a Crown and a Kingdom: to v
 them. Can it now be judged Ci-
 refuse and slight the Invitation of so
 full and Indulgent a father? I n

— him how the *Angels* in Heaven
 for his Company, and will be overj
 him, and to hear him exercising
 so long abused in warbling out hi

— *Love-songs*, or roaring it in his w
 by bearing a part in their Holy &
 petuall *Halelujahs* to the King
 And can he think it Civility to
 the Hopes, and prevent the joyes
 vently Company. I might furt

— how the poor Church of Engle
 longs to receive him again wit
 Bosome, and to kisse him with
 Love, and to uncover to him
 Consolation; whence he nee
 Wind of False Doctrin:, nor
 blood of Tyrany and Oppressio
 in that sincere milke which
 true nourishment: She w

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And wholesome instructions, like an unwise
child he hath so long despised, longs yet once
again to rejoyce in his Love, and would be
glad of so Glorious a Son, which might not
only cherish and defend, but grace and Credit
to his mother: And can he call it lesse then
Incivility, to envy Her this Honour,
which wisheth him that happinesse? can he
use rather to augment her Sorrowes, and
provoke her teares, and bite her braasts, and
draw out her blood, then cherish her and be
cherish'd by her? All the Good men in the
world, all the most Honourable of God's
servants, his speciall Ambassadors, doe with
the power of their Rhetorick, and move-
ment of Passion, cry aloud, calling upon
him, and beseeching him to come home, and
to dwell happily in his Father's house; these who
have had the high charity for him, to take
care and charge of him, and night and
day to watch for his soule, and must be ac-
countable for it at the Great and Dreadfull
Judgement: Upon Him they look with a more
tender and loving eye, as upon the very
first and fairest of the flock, whose straying
would be not onely the losse of one, and him
the fattest and chiefe of all the rest, but such

an one, as by his *influence* upon the other may probably occasion the *loosing* of many more: These *perswade* and *intreat* him, and that for *Christ's sake*, for his who loved him so well, that he did not grudge to purchase him with the *best* treasure in Heaven, his own most *precious blood*: And now, how can the *Gentleman* who pretends so highly to all manner of *Civility*, think it lesse than an *unworthinesse* in him, to set so light by this *Care*, and this *kindnesse*? He that would be thought all *Courtesy*, all *Civility*: O let him not now onely be *unkind* and *discourteous*, to his God, and God's Church, God's Angels, and God's Ministers, unto God's Son and his Saviour. He that expressed so remarkable a *kindnesse* to a false friend, who is most certainly the *greatest* and most *Dangerous* of all enemies, to him who was once set by the Devill in a friend's habit to Deceit him out of the way, and watch his opportunity to murder his soul; let him not now shame be so *unnaturall* to himselfe, and kind to them, as to slight those *reall* and *cere friends*, who make it the greatest part of their study to save him from eternall *ments*: He that would not be bought

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of his *Civility*, though but to a *sin*, and *sinner*, by the *high price* of an *Heaven* and *eternity*; shall he now any longer be *bribed* to offer so many *affronts* to his *God*, with an *Hell*, and it's *Endlesse torments*? Certainly, if any *Importunity* could ever prevail, as alas too often it hath, even to the *melting* of his *Soul* into *Sin* and *Vanity*; what must it now doe? never so *great*, never back'd with so many *obligations* to *Civillity* as here; for where ever did there appear so *much* and so *earnest wooing*, and *Intreating*, and *begging*, and *watching*, and *dying*?

Again, In *civility* to the *Nation* wherein he lives, and which he should labour both to *Serve* and *Credit*; he is her *Hopes*, and he should be her *Honour*: She calls him her *choise Treasure*, her *strongest Pillar*, her *potent Protector*; and shall he not think it *base* to *evacuate* her *hopes*, and *detect* her too *charitable Error*, by *neglecting* to *deserve* and *maintain* his *name*? Shall it be to his *Honour* when he shall hear it said by others, that the *Pretious stones* and *Jewels* of *England* are all but *vile* and *unprofitable pebbles*; that all her *purest Gold* is full of *Drosse*; her *best Pillars* quite *rotten*, and her *Guardians*

her principal *underminers* and *destroyers* that with the *least wind* that blowes, her *pillars shake*, and the *building tumbles*?

The Gentleman is that great and fair *White*, at which all men *aim* and *direct* the *Best* of their *Respects*; and on whom they think the *greatest* of their *Honours* not *misplaced*: And is this his *Civility* to all his *Lovers* and *Admirers*; to leave them embracing a *shadow* for a *substance*, and to pay home their *affection* and *respects* to him, with *Neglect*, and *Disgrace*, and too often with *miser*y and *Ruine* to themselves? Is this his *care*, to provide that no man shall ever be *deceived* in him, but he that *thinks well* of him? If this be the Gentleman's *Civility*, then what, I pray Sir, is his *Unkindnesse*?

§. 5. *A second Motive grounded upon Shame and Disgrace.*

Arg.
2 The next thing which I shall propose to his Consideration, is *that* which usually has too powerfull an operation upon him; I mean *Shame* and *Disgrace*. The pretence of securing his *Name* and *Reputation* from these blurres, being another of those *Fig-leaves*,

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leaves, wherewith he would fain hide his most foul and deformed Vices: He had rather throw himselfe headlong into the grossest sin Imaginable, then by chusing what is best, but out of fashion with the Multitude, expose himselfe to the laughter of fools and Sinners. O what torment, what affliction is it to him, to be *feer'd* and *Mock'd*, and *Hooted* at by a Company of *Mad-men*, for behaving himselfe with more *sobriety* and *wisdome* then they?

Here I shall most earnestly beseech the Gentleman to Consider, how miserably he *befools* himselfe, and how inconsiderately he *runs* himselfe upon those *rocks* he endeavours so carefully to *avoid*; whilst *nothing* can lay him more open to *shame*, then that which was the first parent of it, his *sinne*: which makes him a meer *Laughing-stock* to all but those that *pitty* him. Let him remember how he daily provokes that *God*, who is the onely *Fountaine* of all true *Honour* here, as well as *Happinesse* hereafter, to *Laugh* at him and have him in *Derision*. Will it be no *shame* for him to be found, at last, one of those *wretched* and *Contemptible* Creatures, which shall have the door shut upon them.

them, and be forced to stand knocking at the Gates of Heaven, with sighs and tears, and like so many miserable starving beggars in bitterness of spirit, craving admission, and yet for all their self-conceited Greatness, be vouchsafed no more respectfull an answer, then a—Depart ye cursed, and—Be gone I know you not. What shame and Disgrace can the Gentleman fear to suffer like this; when he who pranced it up and down with no lesse security then Pride and vanity; and laugh'd to see others take so much pains to goe to Heaven, shall even then, when he thinks himselfe so sure of all, meet with a Scornfull repulse?

But if the Gentleman will venture this Disgrace, because he phancies it to be yet at so great a distance; yet I must tell him he is much mistaken to think he shall speed much better here below. Is it no shame, to be justly accounted by all, who understand themselves, a poor, silly, ignorant fool, such an one as can please himselfe with a toy, a rattle; and can think himselfe the only wise man in the world, when alas all they who are wise indeed, look upon him and Pity him, as the most silly, despicable wretch under Heaven?

? It is thus men commonly make tri-
fles of the *Fool's Gem*, they propose at once
his choise, a piece of painted Glasse and a
Diamond, a Feather and a suit of Cloaths;
so by preferring the gayer toy, before the
solid or the serviceable substance, he may
show his Ignorance and Simplicity. Alas,
what can we judg the *Debauched Gentle-
man* to be better or Wiser, then such a silly
headed Idiot, or (as we call him) a meer
rascal, that sports himselfe with his own
vanity and places his Happinesse in Dancing
in his party-colour'd Coat, his Cap and
Feather? Did the Gentleman but know
his friends, or durst he be so much his own;
he entertain fewer Flatterers, who Cover
his eyes and stop his Eares, so that he neither
sees nor hears of himselfe, what otherwise he
is; how soon would he grow ashamed
of his own face! Did he but know how
all they, whose tongues are bridled either
by his power or Prodigality in his presence,
speak of him when they are out of it, at their
private meetings, doubtlesse this would
bring him out of love with his own Gayety,
Prettinesse. The Stoick talks of him
with Contempt and Derision; the Charitable

Christian with as much *Pitty* and *Compassi-*
on; and what a *shame* is it for the *Gentile*
man who alwaies thinks himselfe both the
Best and *Happiest* man in the world, ei-
 ther to *deserve* the one, or *need* the
 other?

If he yet regard nothing of all this, but
 Contents himselfe with this *Phancy* that
 he can do as much for them, and that he
 can think others as very fools as they think
 him; and pittie them as much: Alas, how
 is he to be pittied for these thoughts! whi-
 lest like a man in an high *Fever*; he makes
 a *Felicity* of his *Distemper*, and in the *Light-*
ness of his head, Phancies he is amongst *Ang-*
els, and in as *Glorious* a Condition as they.
 Let him consider how great a *shame* even
 this is, to say, he can laugh at, or he can pittie
 he knows not what: Others know (alas too
 well) what in him they pittie: They have,
 most of them, some time or other, tasted of
 his *sweets* to their *scorrow*, but found them at
 last bitter to their present joy and *Comfort*;
 Let him then first taste of their's, and then
 let him chuse, whom he will make the *Ob-*
ject of his *Pitty*. I am Confident he would
 in the first place be thus *Charitable* to him-
 selfe.

But

But this is not all the reason the *Gentleman* hath to be ashamed of his present course of life. Is it not a disgrace for a man therein to be cheated wherein he hath ever thought himselfe to be the wisest of all men; and to have such tricks put upon him, by what he most *Confides* in, as will cast a damp upon all his *Follity* at once? There's no man but will confesse it an high degree of indiscretion in himselfe without a very strong temptation indeed, to place his great *Confidence*, and best *Affections* upon a meere cheat: and yet that *Gentile Sinner* we speak of (if ever any) is highly guilty of this *Folly*. He may assure himselfe, if he repent not in due time, *Sathan* will put the same cheat upon him, whereby he so sadly beguiled his wise Brother in the Gospel; whom in that very night, when he *Lullaby'd* his soul into a groundlesse security, by presenting to her eye the abundance of his riches; he suddenly snatches away into the place of Torments, and makes this addition to the rest of his Sorrows, that he derides his former security, and laughs at his present misery. But this is too Common and Copious a Theme to dwell any longer upon; I durst not altogether omit to mention

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mention it, because I have not yet met with any thing more frequently prevalent with the *Gentleman*, to persuade him to sin, than this fear of *shame* and *Disgrace*; and if it have been so powerfull to hurry him on to his *ruine*, I hope, rightly apprehended, it may have some efficacy in drawing him to his *Felicity*.

§ 6. *A third Motive drawn from Equity.*

I shall but propose two Considerations more, and these are such, as much concern the *Gentleman* to entertain, viz. of *Equity* and *Honour*.

Arg. 3. And first, in all equity and justice the *Gentleman* ought to proportion his *Gratitude* to the *Bounty* which enrich'd him; and to live a *Gentleman* is as little as can, with any reason, be thought a just requisall of his Goodnesse who made him more *Honourable* than others. For it was not he himselfe by whom he was made better than another man; neither hath he any thing which he hath not received. It cannot therefore be *Gratitude* — in him like a *Spongy* substance, to suck in all which

Which is proffer'd it, but to return nothing gain without a *Squeezing*: Or like a black and heavy clod of earth, to receive the most *Courteous* and *enlivening* rays of heaven, and yet requite the *Bounty* neither by a present *cheerfull* reflection, nor a future *reasonable* fructification: neither yet to lie in a rotten *Dunghill*, which repaies all the sweet *Influence* it participates of, in a *stenchy* me, or a *generation of Vermin*. He should rather labour to resemble the true *Christall*, whose property it is either to *transmit* or *reflect* those rays it receives, with great *advantage* of light to the *darker* objects about and of a more *visible* splendor and *Glory* the light it selfe. A true *Diamond* will not cease to *sparkle* in the *darkest* night, and the true *Gentleman* too, will take care, that he might *so shine before men*, that they may behold his *works* rather than his *person* (as the sun gives us a *clearer* prospect of the *other* parts of the world, then of it's *own Body*) and direct them much more to *Glorify his God in heaven*, then to pay him a *Reverence* upon earth. The *Gold* was not made so *excellent* mettall, that it might lie *hid* and *rust* in the *Bowels* of the *Earth*, but by a reception

tion of the *Prince's Image*, administer to the *Necessities* of Commerce amongst the *severall* members of the world. It would be a poor thing to Imagine God should make — the *best* of *Creatures* for the *worst* of uses; or the *Noblest* of *Men* to be *Sathans Instruments* now, his *Companions* and his *prey* anon. The Gentleman I know will easily grant himselfe to be a *Vessell* created for *Honour*; but 'tis strange he should goe about to prove himselfe so, by continuing alwaies *Empty*, or refusing to hold any thing, but — the *worst* of *poysons*: by standing (as some of those do which cost most *pains* in the *making*, most *mony* in *procuring*, most *time* in *scouring*) idle and *uselesse*, onely to adorne and grace the *Cup-board*, and *shine* there, 'till they become *Dusty* again. As *all Flesh* is *Grasse*, so is the *Gentleman* the *Flower* of the *Grasse*; but let it not appear in *this*, that the *grasse* is more *usefull*, though the *flower* more *beutifull*; neither let the *leafe* smell *sweeter* then the *Rose*. Though all *Mankind* be but *Dust* and *Earth*, yet certainly we may in reason think the *Gentleman* a part of the *Rich:st* *soyle*, and from which the *Husband-man* or *Gard:ner* may justly expect

pect both the *fairest flowers* and *fullest Crop*, as from that ground which in *it selfe* is *fairest*, and in the *Cultivating* and *Mannuring* whereof, has been spent both the most *money* and the most *sweat*. Farre be it from the *Gentleman* to be call'd (as we do sometimes our most *fertile* fields) onely the *Pride* —
dest ground, such as swaggers it out with *Poppy* and *Cockle*, and flatters the eye with many fine *Blew* and *Yellow* Flowers, but such as are neither for *use* themselves, nor will suffer the good *Corne* to *thrive* and grow 'till it may be so. The *Gentleman*, I am sure, would be troubled to be thus requited for his *Care* and pains by his *field*, and shall not *God* be justly *angry* for the like bad usage from the *Gentleman*? Certainly he cannot in *equity* expect the *largest wage*, who doth the *least work*, or think he can *merit* the most *Honourable* reward, by *standing all the day Idle*; nay for *hindering* and *Detering* others who were going to *labour in the Vineyard*. Shall the *Steward* be the greatest *loyterer*, and most *Carelesse* servant in the whole *Family*? And is it fit the *Heire* should be the meerest *Prodigall*? I am Confident the *Gentleman* —
would

would think it an *injury* to be thought so, and is it not then as great an *injury* to *be* so? I should not have *brunch* enough to enumerate *halfe* those many *Honours* and *Dignities*, those severall *Priviledges*, and *Advantages*, *Endowments* and *Possessions* which the *Gentleman* is blest with above his poor *Brethren*, and can we think all these, and *encouragements* to be *better*, but *rewards* and *Bribes* to and for being *Idler* then others?

The *Gentleman* is apt to boast himself much of his *Noble Ancestors* and *Vertuous Progenitors*, and is it not therefore *equity*, that all men should expect from that tree the *best fruit*, which hath the *Noblest root*? Men do not of *Thistles* expect *grapes*, nor of *Brambles* *Figs*; but even of the *wild Olive-tree* when but *grafted* into the *true Olive-tree*, God expects the *Naturall fruit*. That *Noble* person who *Adopts* a *Clown* his *heir*, will expect he should henceforward become a *Gentleman*, and how much more is this to be expected from him who is *born* the *true Son* and *heir*? The *Gentleman* will pull his *Cock's* head off, if he *degenerate* from his *kind*; and why should his *God* use him *better*?
The

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The *Gentleman*, again, is apt to talk very much of his good *Breeding*, and *Ingenuous Education*; and certainly it is the greatest *happinesse* which can so early betide him, that usually he hath *Parents* which are as tender of his *Honour* as of his *life*, and very often more carefull of *his* soul, then of *their own*: who howsoever they live *themselves*, yet will be sure to reprove the *least vice* in the *Child*, and it is a very ordinary forme of blessing him, to pray he may be a *better man* then his *Father*. Now the *Gentleman* will expect this from his *Horse* or *Spaniel*, to behave himselfe *hereafter*, as he has been taught when he was young. Alas, how many *brave* and *Generous* dispositions are *flatted* and *lost*, how many *Ingenious* spirits are *dull'd* and *besotted*, how many *keen* wits are *blunted* and lose their *Edg*, by being put to *Delve* in the *Earth*, being altogether *Cov'd* and *Enslaved*, by the *Tyranny* of *Poverty* and an *Adverse Fortune*; whilst they could not be allowed that *timely* and *Noble Nurture* and *Cultivation*, whereby they might have been *weeded* and improved to a very high degree of *Excellency* and *fruitfulness*? How much *good* and *tractable* earth has been
lost

lost meerly for want of a *Skilfull Potter*, or *spoiled* upon the *wheel* of one *unskilfull*? Whilest the *Gentleman* has all the aid and assistance that *Prudent Parents* or a *rich purse* can afford him; and shall he, whom God has thus blessed with that which may procure him as well what's *Best* as what's *Necessary*, grow more *Barren* under all this care and *Good-husbandry*, which is bestow'd upon him? Shall he like a *stubborne* and *unwieldly branch*, so soon as ever he is from under the wise *hand* which would have *pruin'd* and *straighted* him, *start back* into his *Naturall rudenesse*, and *Deformity* again? Shall he be like the *Viall* or *Watch*, one whereof will onely continue it's *even* and *Certain* motion, so long as the *owner* forgets not to *wind* him up; and the *other* gives us its *sweet sound* no longer then the *Musicians hand* provokes and *beats* it; but so soon as the *hand rests*, the *Motion* and the *Musick* ceases, and in a short time, the *strings crack*, and the *Pegs fall*, and the *Noble Instrument* growes *moul'y* and *worm-eaten*? Is it not most *unnaturall*, that he who has all these great *advantages* in his youth, which others do often in *vain*, and he himselfe too often
when

When it is too late, wish to enjoy, should not doe something whereby he might shew all that care and cost, not quite thrown away and mispent? And yet much more, that he should only so behave himselfe, as one that knowes how readily to forget, whatever had cost him so much time, and pains, and Money in acquiring; and one that can now make that a part of his glory, which indeed is no small argument of shame, that he once had a little learning, and Might have been a Christian, had he not had wit enough to besfoo himselfe, and so become a Gentleman. It troubles me to say that very many of our English Gentlemen do thus Commence (as it were) and take Degrees in Ignorance and Vanity, I wish it troubled him as much to doe so.

Again, it were but just, our Gentlemen should think upon their large portions and fair Inheritances, and so take the Measure of their Duties, by their liberall allowances. To have an estate makes no man Happy, but to use an estate wisely may bring a man very farre on his way towards it. O let it never be said of the Gentleman, what is recorded to the perpetuall dishonour of the Young
Q Men

Man (he knowes [I hope] where) that he departed from *Christ* because he was *very rich*. It is certainly a mistake in any man to think, a man's *soul* may no way *freedom* grow fat, upon his *wealth*; or to say a man may not become a *Better man*, by having greater *possessions*. *Wisdom's* *feet* are most readily erected, and firmly grounded upon a *Basis of Gold*. And *Virtue* cannot there have the *best fair*, and *thriving* room, though she may have a *kind welcome*, when *Poverty* keeps the house. Though the *treasures of Wisdom* and *knowledge* lie in the *Christ*, yet are they for the most part *locked up*, that he who would at any time come readily at them, must not fail to carry the *Key* in his *Pocket*. Though *Virtue* and *Piety* may live *Quietly* and *Contentedly* under a *thatch'd roof*, and may meet with such *entertainment* as may preserve *Life*; yet, alas, they are but *there* as in *Prison*, and shall hardly obtain the *Liberty* to walk much *abroad* except there be something in the *purse* to purchase their *freedom*: Without this they may have what *fetter'd Captives* may enjoy, their *hearts* and *tongues*, but very seldom their *hands* or *feet* at liberty. What
rare

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rare perfections might be attain'd to, and what wonders wrought, had but either the *Rich Gentleman* the *poor man's* soul, or the *Poor man* the *Rich Gentleman's* purse? What a shame is it, that he whom God hath blessed with enough to buy the *Precious Pearl*, should rather chuse to lay it out upon an *Hubby-Horse*; that he should suffer either *Himself* to be a *Fool*, or *Vertue* a *Beggar*, when it is in his power to prevent both? If his *wealth* know not what to doe with his *Vertue*, let him give *Vertue* the key, and she knowes how to make use of his *wealth*. What an *ungratefull* fool is he, who with what is given him will neither fulfill the *Donor's* will, nor make use of the gift to his *own* advantage? How might the *Church* become truly *Glorious*, and her rayment literally of *wrought Gold*, how might the *Poore* man grow *Rich*, and the *Rich* man *Good* and *Happy*, did the *Gentleman* study to make that improvement, which he ought to make of this one *talent*, and not either with the *Raunting Prodigall* waste his inheritance by *riotous living*; or with the other *Ill-husband* and *foolish servant*, wrap it up in the *Napkin* of a *lazy*, or *hide* it in the

Earth of a Worldly mind?

There is a *third* obligation where
Gentleman in *equity* is bound to *Out*
Inferiours, no lesse in *Goodnesse* 
Wealth and *Pomp*. I mean an *Imm*
from the *Drudgeries* of the *World*: *N*
and *Fortune* both seem to consent in g
ting him a *Dispensation* from those *E*
— *kilnes*, to which by the *Pharaoh-like* C
ty of a *Necessitous* Condition, many a
ter *Israelite* is sentenced. He tugs n
the *Oares*, nor delves in the *Dirt*, nor n
— his face, and *Bathes* his body in his own s
nor *lives*, as other men are often constr
to doe, almost by a *wearisomnesse* of li
But seems to plead an *Exemption* from
part of *Adam's* Curse, whereby he was
demned in the *sweat* of his *Browes* to e
bread. Whilest many others by their
tinuall *labour*, seem from meal to me
— kneed their own dough; and other men's
and, like the poor *Israelites*, when driven
of *Egypt*, to run up and down with
kneeding-troughs upon their *Shoulders*.
carry both their *Lives* and *livelihocs*
and fro in their *hands*; and by a *toils*
improvement of the *Gentleman's* vast es

pick up for themselves a very scant subsistence. He eats the *fat*, and drinks the *sweet*, and has *one* part of him alwaies provided for to his hand; and ought not this to lay a strong obligation upon him, to take more pains about the *other*? Ought not this to bind him to the ready service of his *God*, who has made the whole *world* in a manner to serve *him*? Certainly he never had a generall *Dispensation* granted him from all labour, but onely from the more *slavish* and *drudging* part of it; that the lesse he has to care for besides, the more time he should have to care for his *soul* and *Heaven*. It was *Adam's* growing wanton in *Eden*, where the *Earth* freely brought forth all things of it selfe, and where his *taske* of labouring was but his *Recreation* not his *toyl*, which sent him first abroad to *sweat* in the *World*, and to wage a Constant *warre* with *Bryars* and *Thistles*. And if the *Gentleman* will not take some pains to dresse the *Garden* of his *Soul*, when all the world seems to be so much his own round about him, that *one* part of it is his *Steward*, the *other* his *Estate*, he can expect no lesse then to be driven out at last with a *flaming sword* to seek a

Miserable *killing* livelihood in another.

Could the *Gentleman* be truly sensible of his extraordinary *privileges* he enjoys, more then the rest of his *labouring* brethren doe, in this *one* particular, doubtlesse we should see him more *thankfull*, and lesse *Idle*; for though *leisure* be a very great *blessing* yet is *lazine* a meer *Canker*, which will in a short time, if not seasonably cured, eat out both *Purse* and *Soul*. Let him not thus turne the *Opportunities* of doing good, into *encouragements* to *sinne*, nor the *Means* of *Happinesse*, into the *Instruments* of *Misery*.

O what an inestimable advantage is this, for any man that would either *learn much* or *do well*, to have alwaies a Soul so *tranquil* and *Serene*, that all's *Smooth* and *calme* within him? What would many a brave *Ingenious* spirit, which could never yet obtain one smile from *fortune*, but lies alwaies under the black cloud of *Poverty*, and tossed upon the tumultuous waves, of much *businessse* and more *sufferings*, what would it not give to be blest with such a *Sun-shine*, and to have so long a *vacation* from the *world* and it's *sorrowes*? None of those *distracti-*

ons which come from the affairs of the world without him; which with so much *e-gernesse* and irresistible Importunity, *call*, and *pull*, and *baile* away many a good soul from his *Study* and *devotion*, need to be so much as *hearken'd* to by the *Gentleman*; who if he would but understand, the *easy* distinction, betwixt being *carefull* and being *busy*, betwixt *Idlenesse* and *leisure*, we should find him betaking himselfe to another and more cheerfull course of life, having *much* time to *use*, but *none* to *lose*. —

And suppose you should ask the *Gentleman* this question, and wish him to answer it according to *Conscience*—Whether, if he had a servant whom he had designed for some more *honourable* and *extraordinary* employment; and to this end, had exempted him from all *Common* businesse and works proper to an *Inferiour* calling; and not only so, but furnish'd him also, with whatever he could suppose *instrumentall* to his work; and for his better encouragement had given him a considerable summe of *Money* beforehand; if after all this, this servant should neglect *this* businesse, and throw away all the time allotted him, in matters of *small* concernment,

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1
concernment, or in meet *illuse*, god
spend his allowance, and waste his Ma-
money in *Bad Company*, and in pampering
his own *humours* and *lusts*; let him tell
in good earnest, whether he would
think himselfe *sighted* and *abused*, and
reward; turne that servant out of *do*
into Prison? And why then should
Gentleman flatter himselfe up with
hopes; his *charge* I am sure is as *great*
care much *lesse*, and therefore his *case* is
no better.

I may here very seasonably adde, as
ther branch of this *Motive*, the Gentle-
fair opportunity, not only of doing good
himselfe, but others also: and such an o-
tunity it is, as is indeed a *Necessity* of
either much *good*, or much *hurt* by his
ample. For the Gentleman stands up
top of an *Hill*, and being advanced
considerable an *height*, is thereby ma-
Conspicuous to the eye of the world,
his actions have an influence upon the
bitants of the *vales* round about him.
Tenents must for fear *Flatter* him, and
others will for his *favour* *humour* him
there be yet more, who have an *Ambis*

be like him. Every *sin* in him is like an *Eclipse* in the *Sun*, whereby not onely his own lustre and brightnesse is obscured and hid, but his rayes are withheld from the world below, and a *Malignant Influence* scatter'd abroad upon *Inferiour Bodies*. It is a very hard matter for a *Gentleman* to be bad alone; I dare say, his heart will bear witnesse, that he owes not a few of his own sins to the powerfull *Example* of his *superiours*; and that he has very often resisted the more sober and *vertuous* inclinations of his own soul, and the more *rationall* dictates of his own judgment, onely out of an *Ambitious humour* to make himselfe Company for great ones; and because he was ashamed to be found lesse then a *Gentleman* in any thing, though in *Sin* it selfe. Let him therefore consider how much it will Concerne him, who is the true *Loadstone* of the *Nation*, whose *Motion* the poor *Iron soules* of the multitude with trembling expect, and perceiving follow, to turne himselfe alwaies to the right *Pole*. I wish the *Gentlemen* of our Island would remember this, that by their vices they prove not onely *Bad* in themselves, but *unjust* to their Neighbours: that

so they may see how much in equity they are obliged to amend their lives.

§. 7. *A fourth Motive from Honour and Reputation.*

Arg 4

The other mark to which I would gladly persuade the *Gentleman* to turne his eye is that which he pretends to aim at most, his *Honour* or *Reputation*, things (if you believe him) whereof he is more tender than his *life*; but let us see how he will endeavour to make this good, for I cannot believe he values much, what he takes no pain to preserve.

The main Character of an *Honourable* person, is a great care in him, never to doe any thing below his *Name*, or which may reflect upon his *Progenitors* or his *Family* with *shame* and *disparagement*. He therefore can admit no employment which is *base* or *low*, but as his *Honour* was at first raised, so he studies to maintain it at that height, by some *noble* and *Gallant* achievement. But how truly tender is he of his *Honour*, who (we have said before) is willing to sell into a *Beast*, and to trample upon

upon his *Dignity* and *humanity* at once? He that can *bind* his proud neck to the most *galling Yea*k which *Sathan* can put upon him; and patiently *kneele*s him down to receive so many loads of *Dirt* upon his back? who scorne^s not to *drudg*e for the *Worst* and *Basest* of *Masters*, and that in his *meanest* and most *Beggary* service, when he sends him out (with the *Young Prodigall*) into the field of *Carnall pleasures*, there to feed a few *swinish* lusts: and all this too, upon hopes of the *slenderest* reward here, a few deceitfull *Husks*, and in dayly fear and expectation of the most dreadfull *punishment* hereafter, that of *Endlesse torments*.

The *Gentleman* that values his *honour*, will be sure not to mix with any *Company*, but such, from whom he may reap both *Credit* and *profit*; such as will be no *lets* to him in his vertuous *progresse*, nor *blemish* to his desired *Reputation*. But alas how little do those *Gentlemen* regard either of these, who indeed care for no *Companions* but such as have made themselves altogether the *Creatures* of their *vices*, and the neerest *Panders* of their *Lusts*.

The truly *Honourable Gentleman*, is alwaies

— waies most *faithfull* and *punct* performance of his *promises*, and himselfe to be as *Good as his word*, and no *disgrace* like that of *deserving*. Every *promise* he makes, he pawns his *honour* and *Reputation*, to secure the *performance*; and looks upon no *disrespect* comparable with that, of not being the person fit to be *trusted*. But how little do our *Gentlemen* take to maintain the support of their *Credit*; who *swear* so freely to, they *know* not, or *heed* not what they cannot possibly so much as *re* much lesse *discharge* one third part of *Oaths*. These upon every *slight* occasion they send out in such *Volley* with so much *Inconsideration* and that they cannot have time to consider whether one halfe of what they say be *true* or *false*. Nay there is one *Vow*, and that the most *sacred* one that they made, and to a *person* with whom most *Concernes* them to be *punct* deal *faithfully*, I mean that at their *me*; which, alas, they so well *performe* that they hardly ever *call to mind*, *believe* there was any *such thing* done

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them: Was it not *this* that then they promised, to *For sake the Divell and all his works the vain pomp and glory of the World, with the Covetous desires of the same; and all the Carnall desires of the flesh, so that they would neither follow nor be lead by them?* In which the engagement of their *Honour* would not serve the turne, but they brought their *sureties and Bondmen*, who promised (as much as in them lay) to see all made good: I tremble to think how this vow has been fulfilled by all those persons who would be thought sensible of *Honour*, that their bare word might at any time serve for their *Bond*: that they vow'd to *for sake*, they with all *honestnesse follow*; and that whereby they could not be led, they sweat to *Outgoe*: giving and embracing those temptations promised to abandon, and making the *Pomp and Glory of the World* the onely they dare love and adore. If the *Gentile* be thus carelesse in maintaining his, thus false in his promises to God and /, I hope he will not think it strange, if he be so scrupulous and weak-faith'd, as believe him to be a *Gentleman* upon bare word.

Further

Further yet, he that desires to be truly *Honourable*, and esteem'd soe; Will so provide for his *Honour*, that the world may have no just cause to throw the miscarriages and sins of his *Country* upon his shoulders, or that all the *Miseries* thereof should be found the *Daughters* of his *Vices*. But whether or no we have any reason to blame the *English Gentleman* for the Calamities of his *Nation*, I appeal to himselfe, let his *Conscience* determine it. To whom shall we impute the *Blindnesse*, the *Ignorance*, the *Giddinesse* of the *People*, but to him that pretends to be the *eye* and the *head*? We know it is the *Lightsnesse* of the *head*, which often makes the *heels* stand *uppermost*; And when we see a Drunkard reel and stagger, we all know it is the *Giddinesse* of his *head* which causes his *uneven* motion. It were happy for us, if all those who would be thought the *Heads* of this *Headlesse Nation*, would daily consider their office; and how much of the *Crazinesse* and *Distemper* of this *Infatuated* people, is to be imputed to the *unsettlednesse* of their own *Brains*, and want of a *governement* of themselves. O that they no longer have just cause to say

lay (as now many are apt to doe) that the sad *disease* of this poor Kingdome, wherein it has well nigh *Cough'd* out it's very heart, proceeded from a *cold* it has taken in the *Noblest* members of its *Body*: and that indeed is *Atheisme*.

If therefore our Gentlemen ever intend to *deserve* that *honour*, they so egerly *desire*, let them learn to *be* and *Act* like *themselves*, so shall they assure themselves of true *Honour* both before *God* and amongst *men*. Let them pluck up their *Courage*, and make it appeare to the *World*, that they have yet something of a *Noble* and *Generous Spirit* within their breasts; that they dare yet own a *God*, in despight of *Atheisme* and *Blasphemy*; and stand up for his *Church* in opposition to *Tyranny* and *Sacriledg*: that they have *Spirits* above the reach of *Swords*, and *Souls* not to be out-braved by the terrours of the *Grave*; nor *blown* out of their bodies with the proud and threatening *breath* of those that can but *seem* mighty. Let it once be seen that they have espoused a *Religion* which has a *Majesty* enough to Daunt a *Nebuchadnezar* with the hottest *furnace* in his *Mouth*: and an *Holy* zeal,
which

which (as the Brighter *Sun beams* do the fainter light of a *Candle*) can pre-
 and *Consume* to nothing, the most so-
flames of Persecution. When the
 learn'd to take the *roaring Lion* by th
 and pull out his teeth; when they ca
 the stout *Champion of Israel*) def
 endanger'd *Church* against that gi
diab of Atheisme, which now or ne
 peares with the *Weaver's Beam* in hi
 when they have once got the *Cour*
flight and *piety* all the *Gurging Shins*
railing Rabshakhs of the land; to
 the *Barkings of reproach*; and not
 fraid of the teeth of *Poverty*; whe
 dare goe with *Abraham* to sacrific
 lesse lovely *Isaacks* at the *Mountai*
Lord: In a word, when they dare
 without *fear of Shame* or *Want*, a
 giously *Loyal* without dreading eith
gary or *Death*: Then shall they h
hours without *stain* or *Blemish*; and
venerable in the *Mouthes* of all mer
 shall they set their *feet* upon the
 the *Mighty*, and *Tyrants* shall bow d
 der them, and they shall be set up
 with the *Rulers* of the *People*: th

They have the *acclamations* of the *Saints*,
the *Bended knees* of the *poor* at the *throne*
grace, for their long *life* and *Happinesse*;
they shall be *fear'd* by their *enemies*,
loved by their *friends*; They shall have
the *Motherly Blessing* of the *Church*, the
full *welcome* and *plaudite* of *Angels*, and
the *Bountifull reward* and *Euge* of their *God*
the *Father*; a *Glorious Robe*, an *immar-*
ible Crown, a *perpetuall kingdome*: for in-
deed *this Honour* have *all his Saints*.

I am really *ashamed*, and heartily *sorry*, that
for the *Gentleman's unnaturall Behaviour*,
the *strange Meander* of all *vices*, or the *sad*
deplorable condition of this *poore*
Church and Nation, to which in all *Reason*,
Honour, and *Conscience*, he ought to show a
filial *respect* and *Affection*, have pro-
duced me to this *unusuall length* of a *Let-*
ture. But the *Copiousnesse* of the *Theme*,
which you *first* proposed to my *thoughts*, will
now be my *sufficient excuse*; though the
pleasantnesse of it, together with those ma-
ny other *businesses* which are never *wanting*
to you, but now *incumbent* upon me, might
have afforded you an *opportunity* of being more
profitably employ'd, and me more *fitly* to

my present calling, then in reading or writing of what here I send you. I shall therein in a very few lines more, give you a *Bare* of what I have already said, or more to say concerning the *Mix'd* than this letter.

§. 8. *The Conclusion and summe of*

I shall allwaies with all readinesse fesse that I dare not have a low este any of those *Worthy* Persons, whom the wise God by advancing them to the *the Pinnacle*, seems to Commend both and others, as the most fit objects of our *miration* and *Reverence*: Onely I hope *Gentleman* will give me leave to make part of my *Prayers* (and too sad experience daily shoves us what great reason we so to pray) that they who stand both so and so *Ticklishly* may ever take heed by fall. *Sathan* had the Confidence up high a place (though at that height with the most exemplary *Humility* the world ever heard of) to venture a temptation upon the *Lord of Life*: where certainly his hopes of prevailing must rationa
th

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thought to have been as *low*, as his *attempts* was *high*: It is therefore too much to be fear'd he hath very often his wish'd for *success* in overturning the *Bravest Sinner*. The *Subtile Serpent*, though he despair of *Heaven*, is alwaies crawling upwards, and can as easily twist and wrap himselfe about the *Gilded-spire* of *Honour* and *Nobility*, as once he did about the fairest tree in *Eden*; and questionlesse not seldome with as much unhappy *success*, as malicious *Subtilty*. Here, I am sure, he hath the *same* or *surer* holds to *fasten* upon, and *Climb* up by, which there he had; Even the wild *protuberances* of *Pride* and *Ambition*. The first assault he made, was upon an unspotted *Innocence* but march'd with an over facile and flexible *Humanity*; and meeting there with the *Hoped Issue* of his temptation, he takes the *Boldnesse* to venture on an *Infinite Wisdom* in the Bosome of *Omnipotence*: and though there he was foyl'd, yet being the more madd'd with the *Shamesfull* repulse, 'tis likely he will fall the more *desperately*, and so with the greater *violence*, upon that *Prudence*, which is at best much *abated* by the base mixture and too excessive alloy of a

pared (and not unittly) to an *Inne* or
for ; whereinto *Man*, whose life is a
or *Pilgrimage*, onely turns in to
night's *lodging*, that so he may fit and
himselle against the *Morning* for a
Countrey ; I am ready to take the
nasse to prosecute the *Metaphor* a lit-
ther, and I would fain say, that those
ring, *spangled soules*, are most *Noble* and
nourable, which *Wise Nature* treats wi-
greatest *respect* and *Ceremonie* ; tho
whom, as her *Chiefe Guests* she hath re-
her most *stately*, and *fairest* roomes
these if any, are to be thought the *Gen*
of the world, to whom *Nature* as
Mortuall seems to pay a *reverence*.
These are the *Men* who enter in

ted into the world by the most beautifull
gate of a Renowned Parentage, they are ush-
er'd along with all that Pompe and Magni-
ficence, which use to attend our highest hopes
and most seeming Expectations; and are
most significant of our greatest joyes: Their
births are congratulated, and they welcom-
ed hither, with a long and Methodically
order'd train of solemn and Honourable both
Civill and Religious Ceremonies. They are
honourably placed in the most richly fur-
nished, and neatly contrived Lodgings, of
Comely and wel-featured Bodies; in adorn-
ing whereof the Divine Art of Better Na-
ture, hath best shown it selfe; these are
Gloriously set forth by all those most lively
Images of Majesty and Honour, which Cor-
rupted Nature can be thought capable of
receiving: All these are more sweetned,
by a lovely prospect into the world abroad,
where an Indulgent fortune, to give the bet-
ter relish to the gifts of Nature, presents her
selfe in all variety of Dresses, of Riches,
Pleasures, Preferments; ever creating such
store of New-delights as may soonest win
upon the sense, and best recreate the soule.

And now, Sir, would any man seeing
all

all this, think it possible, that after *Nature*, and *Fortune*, and the *Great God of Both*, by so long a *Succession* of no lesse truly *Delectable* then indeed *ineestimable* blessings, have been so *industriously Solicitous* for the *Gentleman's* welfare; and with so much *Charitable Importunity*, have *Constantly Courted* his soul, to be in *love* with that *fair hand* which made it; to invite it to an early *sense* of it's own *worth* and *excellency*, and to set a due *estimate* upon it *selfe*; to possesse it with the true *Apprehensions* of that, which is certainly the highest *Honour* that can befall a *mortall here* or *Crown him hereafter*, I mean his *neer Relation* to *Heaven*, and the *God of Heaven* his *Mak: r*: Would any man believe it possible after all this, that the *Gentleman* should be either so *uncharitable* to *himselfe*, or so *ungratefull* to his *Creator*: either so much a *Churle* or a *Fool*, or *Both*: as neither to yield to those *Importunities* of a *Wooing Heaven*: nor *Embrace* the *Courteous Invitations* of an *indisse Felicitie*? Would you believe, that when he is *intrusted* by the *King of Glories*, upon so honourable
 — *tion* as that of *winning a Crown*,
wed and foot-sore at the very
first

first step; and sit down to rest him upon the first cold stone in his way, there flattering his *Childish Humour*, in the *Empty* fruition of some *Garish* but *fading* vanity? Could any man with a *rationall* soule in him, Hope to find an *Happinesse* in such *toyes* adequate to the *Immense* desires of an *Heaven-borne* substance? Alas, who is ignorant, that these *pretty Glories*, and *little felicities*, which so please us *here*, cannot in any reason be thought *more* (seldome so much) then the *smaller tokens* of a *Father's Love*, or an *Earnest* penny to a future *Inheritance*; something for the *Child* to keep his purse with whilest he is here at school: Nay, they are so often *lesse* then this, that they amount not to so much, as those *lesse* tokens, which we use to call the *Mother's Blessing*; but are rather like the *deceitfull* Gifts of a *Step-dame*, such as a *brasse shilling*, or a *Gilded Nutmeg*, the *slight kindnesse* not of a *Fond* but a *dissembling Fortune*: whereby the *unwary Child* is very often *bribed* and *Flatter'd* out of his due *Portion* and *Inheritance*.

Doubtlesse, if the *Gentleman* find himselfe to be so much *Fortune's Darling*, or (as he

would rather have us think) the *Favourite of Heaven*: as to be afforded a more *tender* and *delicate Education* than his poorer brethren. I dare hardly believe all this an *Indulgence to sin*, but an *encouragement unto Holinesse*, and to go on with *Cheerfulness* to see what that *Good Father* has in store for him in *Heaven*, who is so *liberall* to him here upon *Earth*. The *Comfortable warmth* of his *Prosperous Condition*, is indulged him, thereby to preserve his soule, more *tender*, and *pliable*, zealously forward to receive both more *Generous* and more *pious impressions*: not to *scorch* or *dry* it up into a *rebellious obstinacy*: neither to give him the *opportunity* of *melting* it away in the *soft embraces* of more *wanton* and *lascivious delights*: or to *Dissolve* his *happinesse* into the *airy* and *shadowy vanity* of a *Carnall pleasure*. The *Golden Foundation* being laid, God expects, he should not so abuse it, as to erect thereupon any *meaner structure* than an *Heaven*. The right *use* of what he already *enjoyes*, ought to *dispose* his soule into a *Capacity* of receiving *more and better*, even of those *spirituall blessings* which will set him up above the reach either of an *adverse Fortune*, or a *Malicious Devil*.

If

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If the *Gentleman* would be perswaded to cast a *Religious* eye upon the Excellent *Symmetry* and lovely *features* of his own *Body*, wherewith it is no *strange* thing to find him beautified above other men; certainly he would presently consider with himselfe, that this *fine Outside* was not the *only* or *best* piece of worke intended, but there should be a suitable *Inside* too, such as may make the man a fit temple of the *Holy Ghost* to reside in: that this *stately* and *well-wrought Body* should be but the externall *Embleme* of a more *Beutifull* and *Majestick soule*.

If it be his Good luck to find his way to *Paradise* straw'd all over with *Roses*: whilst other poor soules are forced to run *Bare footed* through *Bryars* and *thistles*, *flints* and *Pibbles*; whereby their feet are often so gall'd, that their pace proves *slow*, and so prick'd and scratch'd that you may trace them, as they their *Saviour*, into *Heaven* by their *blood*; he ought *wisely* to consider, that this entertainment should not retard him in his journey, neither make him *Phancy* that he is already in the *Garden*; and therefore may sit down, or rolle his soule upon

upon these sweets to a satisfaction; alas the more he thus tumbles upon them, the sooner will these tender Blossoms fade and wither: They are onely scatter'd in his paths, that by their fragrancy his decaying Spirits may be restored and cherish'd, that he faint not ere he reach that garden where growes the Tree of life, and never-perishing Flowers of sweetest pleasures, even at God's right-hand for evermore.

If the Gentleman may boast of his honorable descent, from a *vertuous*, and if so, a deservedly renowned family; how much will it concerne him in Honour and Duty, to provide that his Children by his vertues, may be enabled to brag of as much as he? It will certainly be a greater disgrace to him, when his Son shall be constrain'd to say, he had a Worthy Grandfather, then it can now be his Glory, that he himselfe can tell the world he had a Deserving father. Can he Imagine it halfe so Creditable, to swaggar it out with the Old Name and Title of his rotting Ancestors; as to manifest their yet surviving Virtues in himselfe their Genuine off-spring? What a pittifull Credit must it needs be for him, to show a

Stranger

Stranger a firme and substantiall foundation, laid by his *Ancestors* many years agoe, towards an intended *Heroick* and sumptuous building, if all this while he have neglected by his own *virtues* to adde a *superstructure*, proportionable to such a *Ground-work*?

I am Confident the *Gentleman* needs not a remembrancer to mind him of his *Name*; nor any other *Herald* to perswade him he has a right unto it, then his own *Ambition* and *Conceit*: But how unlikely he is by the means he uses to make the world believe him, he seems not so well to Consider. Is it a matter of such Credit, to show us, how well he can put on his *Fathers* old *Cloaths*, or play his *Ape* in his *Silver Jerkin*? Is this the main *Badg* of his *Gentilitie*, that he has never a *Coat* but what was given him by the *Herald*; or that he lives as *Beggars* doe, upon the *Charity* and *Almes* of the *Parish*? Let him say, what other title it is he can pretend to, who by his own personall merits cannot purchase his name? What does he lesse then Pick up his *Crumbs* under the *Old-man's table*: *Nobility* without *Virtue* has just so much life, as it can Borrow; and onely breaths by the common and ignoble

scraps he makes a shift to preserve a
meagre and raw-boned Reputation.

A name that thus feeds onely upon
fragments of charity, is not like to
truly great in last: And a Reputation
long worn already without mending,
vile and cheap for a true Gentleman to
abroad withall. The Cloak must ne
very thread-bare, that is so old, and
so ill used; It were more Noble to w
New one of his own buying, then that
Great-grandfather which at best he c
his scantling virtues onely fill full of p
His Father's Honour can be his but
second-hand: and to be proud of an E
tary title onely, is but to raunt it in a

ie sense; we catch at a bare Apparition for substance; or at best grasp a senselesse clod cold clay. instead of a Man. What is it to be thus Sollicitous after an *Old Coat of Armes*, but to with the *Herald* were a roaker; And that he might buy *old scutcheons*, as he may *old Cloaks*, because his *Meas* will not amount to the price of *New*es. Whilest he thus opens his *Presse*, and shows it to be well-lined with the rich apparel of those who lived before him, he does no more then what often his father's *Page* or *Lacquey* is able to doe: Nay I shall be bold to say it, whatever the *Gentleman* may therefore think of himselfe or me, that he who shoves his *Father's Bearing*, without some *Honourable Addition*, due at least, if not given, to his own vertues, has but little more reason to boast of his *Gentility*, then his *Father's Fool* or *Fidler*, whom I have often observed to bear his *Master's Coat* upon his *ivory*. O that the *Gentleman* would in good earnest Consider, how much all *Wise-men* laugh at him, even in his *Finest Cloaths*; and how much more all *Good men* doe pity him, when they see him with all his *Borrow'd* ravery delight to tumble in the *Mire*!

He

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He that will be a *Gentleman* indeed, look no less carefully *before* him, on yet remains for him to doe, to maintain *his Honour*, then *behind* him, on what has been already done by his *Ancestors* to purchase it. *Honour* has a very delicate palate, and loves to feed upon fresh Diet; and very much Nauseates the Moulded Offals of antiquity. No broken Dishes come to her table, neither can she subsist by Chewing the Cud after the largest feasting upon the Grandfather's deserts. The sharp teeth of Time will at length enter deep into the Marble Monument under which the Father *Ashes* are laid to rest, or at least the *Injurious Dust* will fill up and hide the fair Character thereupon in which perhaps alone the Honour of the Son stands legible: It can be no long-lived Honour, where the Patent is only a Dead-man's Epitaph. It will therefore highly concerne the Gentleman in due time at least to lay a New gilt upon the Old letter, that so he may transmit an Honorable Memory of his name to late Posterity, rather under his own hand, than his father's Zeal.

The Stateliest Pile, yields and stoops to
little

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ttle and little to the importunities of *Ages*: and 'tis rare to see a building left by the *father* so *firme* and *weather-proof*, but it will require some *repairing* before the Death of the *Son*. A *Good-husband* will therefore take hast even to prevent his *fears*, and not expect an *Invitation* from a visible *ruine*; knowing that it is a *Necessity* not deserving the name of *Providence* to under-prop the *reclining wall*; Neither will a *Prudent* person cover a dangerous breach in the wall of his house with a superficial *plaster* or *paint*, whereby to Cozen the World into a false opinion of his Counterfet *thrift* and *Providence*, 'till a sudden *fall* of the whole house discover at once his *folly* and his *Policy*; In vain shall the *Gentleman* by the bare *shew* of a vertue endeavour to make the world believe he wants not the *substance*: he must by the *reall* and *undissembled* excellencies of a *Generous* soul, *sincerely* devoted to the service of *Religion* and *Vertue*, both add many *Sellid Pillars* to support the *Old*, and lay a *firme Basis* for a *New* structure.

The *Fathers* good name deserves a reverent memory in after ages, but will never be injured or grow lesse renowned, by being

out-

— *out-shone* in the *Son's* virtues: It is r
proud thus to grow young again.
can be no perpetuall *entailment* of E
upon all succeeding *posterity*; The best
— *tleman* holds his *Nobility* but by *Lease*
Heaven, which is to be *renew'd* once at
in every *life*; when a good round fit
of *Heroick Actions* are expected as his
God hath his *Stewards*—alwaies ready
ceive the *Gentleman's* rent, the *Churc*
State, and he that payes not at his day,
ther of these, forfeits all.

It is no slight sin to suppose *God* so
Prodigall of his *Jewels*, as to think then
disposed of when placed in *Swines* f
where they onely serve to root u
Earth, and delve in the *Dirt*. Con
Rustick, and *Plebeian* spirits fitted t
hardnesse of their *Nature*, to *Dig* and
the ground, these are the *Out-labour*
God's great *Honshold*, who by the great
of their *Necessary* Drudgery, take off
of the *Burden* from the more *refined* f
Mankind: The *Gentleman* God has c
to be as it were the *steward* of his *F*
and *Guardian* to his *Church*; and the
in all *Prudence* and *Gratitude* he ou
ende

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avour a due discharge of so great a
No *Loyterer*, much lesse, a *Spend-thrift*,
be a member of *his* Family, we know
certain wages of such *unfaithfull* ser-
He then that thinks himselfe ex-
ed from all that hardship which many
s by a *leaden* soul and an *Iron* Body, be-
the course usage of an *unkind* Fortune,
Naturally or *Casually* sentenced to, takes
ry *preposterous* course, when he arro-
to himselfe a licence to do ill or to doe
ng: If the *Gentleman* would be valued
e others, it is but reason if we require
to make it appear, that he is of better
tall then others which is to be judged
or by the *Colour*, but *service*.

would not see the *Gentleman's* Soul fit-
in his *beautifull* Body, like a *Breathlesse*
of Gold in a *Temple* of Silver, there to
worship'd by all, but doe good to none:
not fit it should be thought onely such
e gay thing, as is sometimes by the choi-
of *Naturall* endowments and *Artificiall*
mplishments, *embellish'd* into something
e then ordinary, or *burnish'd* over into
a slight superficiall *gloss*, as may make
well as his *Body*, *admired* and *gazed upon*

by a few *Ignorant* worldlings
 Should it be his businesse to g
 alwaies *New-molded* to the v
 mours of the Court, and *trick'd*
 late invented *Gauderies*, *Gorgeous*
ments, and *Ginling* *trappings*,
 the *Levy* of *Art* has made bold
 and *abuse* the *Modesty* of Hon
 He that has no *Nobler* a Soul o
 these, may still be no more t
Carcase, such as, if it expresse
 seems rather to be *infected* by the
 of crawling *vermine* within it, fr
 its own *Corruption*, then by a tr
 soul inspired by God *Allmighty*.
 of *Wit* and *Ingenuity*, which su
 usually so much brags of, will not
 so preserve so *putrid* a Lump fr
 above ground.

In a word, Sir, the true Gen
 labour so to qualify his *soul*, t
 be disposed to doe a *service* to
 some proportion answerable to
 verall *tokens* of *favour* and *Honour*
 he has so *blest* and grace'd him
 of the world: Seeing God has b
 to advance him some degrees

ade, he takes care to raise his *soul*
that spirituall *hight* and *pitch* of true
and *Holinesse*, that when thus advanced
toward *Dignity*, he may not seem a
on *Horseback*.

because the *Common Gifts* of the
Yountifull Nature will not put a man
Capacity of performing his part to
in such an employment, much lesse
lenesse and *Negligence*: It should be
Gentlemans care in his *Youth* to give
signe himselfe wholly up with all his
es and *Interests*, to the *Care* of his
that so by the *Prudent Industry* of a
d and *Godly Instructor*, seconded with
an *Indefatigable pains* and *patience*, he
ive his *Golden parts* made truly *bright*,
as it were, midwised afresh unto such
tion, that he may not, by the *low* and
y condition of a *rude* and *Ignorant*
be a *Discredit* to his *Lord*, or a *Scan-*
that calling he professeth. God
its in *Honourable*, though not in *prond*
ants; and although he is many times
l to fill up his *house*, and make up
mber of his *Family*, with those who
ot been very much befriended either

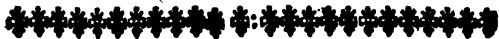
by *nature* in a *Noble birth*, or by *Fortune* in a *Plenteous* and *prosperous life*; yet doth he long to see his *Religion* *graced* and *Credited*, with a long train of such as the *King* hath *delighted* to *Honour*.

And (blessed be God!) the *Care* of our *Ancestors* has been such, that we want not *Nurseries* both of *Learning* and *Piety* in this *Nation*; such as may afford a *breeding* to our *Young Gentry* not unsuitable to their *Quality* and intended *employment*. It is my hearty prayer, that these may never be *unstocked* with such *hopefull* and *Generous Plants*; as may there *grow* and *thrive*, 'till they arrive at that *Maturity* both of *Grace* and *good Literature*, as well as of *Years*, that they may in due time become, not onely *strong* but also *Curiously polished Pillars* for the support of those two *Glorious Fabricks* of *Church* and *State*. That, as by the speciall *Indulgence* of God they were *Honourably borne*; so by his speciall *Grace* too, they may indeed *live*, both truly *profitable* to his *Saints* here, and as truly *Glorious* with them hereafter.

Thus (*Sir*) have I done my best to obey your *Commands*; and, as largely and fully,

as a little *time*, lessie *leisure*, and yet fewer —
abilities would give me leave; I have given
you my present *thoughts* and *wishes* concer-
ning our *English Gentleman*. I have sent
you (I fear) a very little *Kernell* in a large
Shell; but now you have it, you may chuse
whether you will take the pains to *Crack* it,
or throw it into the *Fire*. Whatever it be
that here you receive, as your *Commands*
gave it *birth*, and my *Confidence* of your
Goodnesse, has taught it to *speak* and goe a-
broad; so does it now submissively expect
your *sentence*, whether of *life* or *death*. Doe
what you will with all the *rest*, so you doe
but vouchsafe to read thus much in it, that
I am—Sir,

*Your most humble and
Obedient Servant.*



The END.





The ERRATA.

The reader will frequently meet with a small Errata, which he may be pleased either to mend with his pen, or with lesse paines to pardon: one or two of the Grosser sort I have here noted to his hand.

Page 50. Sect: 2. l: 1. pro as r. is. p: 141. l. 22. r: He owes. p: 142. l: 5. r: State. p: 159. l. 4. r. accounted. p: 174. l: 1. r: is not. p: 240. l: 12. r: Shimeis. p: 249. l: 10. r: for. p: 254. l: penult: r: Seal.





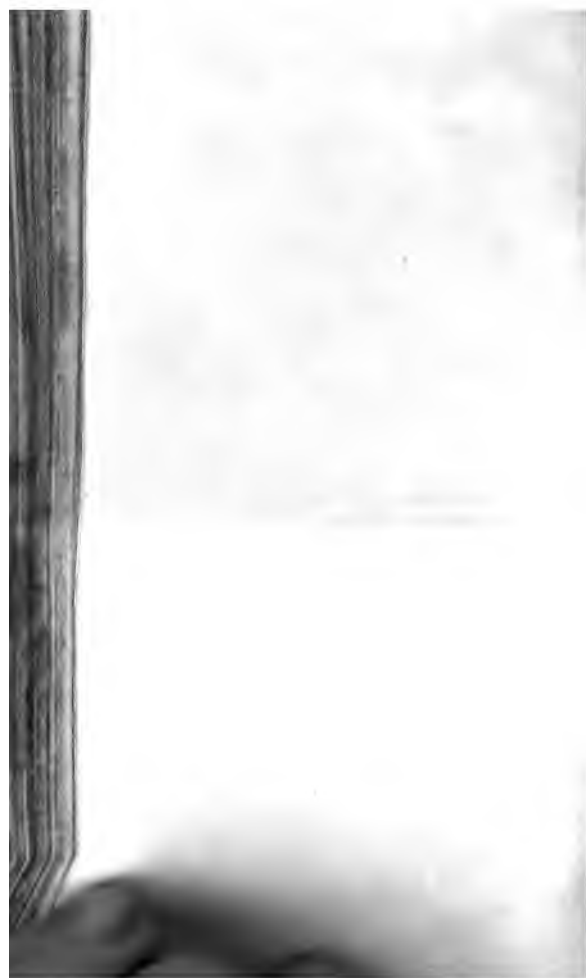












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